

A portrait of Dave Grohl, the lead singer of Foo Fighters, with long dark hair and a goatee, wearing a blue and red plaid shirt. The background is a plain, light color.

Rolling Stone

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THE HOT LIST 2014

SPECIAL REPORT

**SEXUAL
ASSAULT
ON CAMPUS**

**In the Studio
KID ROCK**

**AC/DC
Brutal Year,
Big Comeback**

**The
Passion of
DAVE
GROHL**

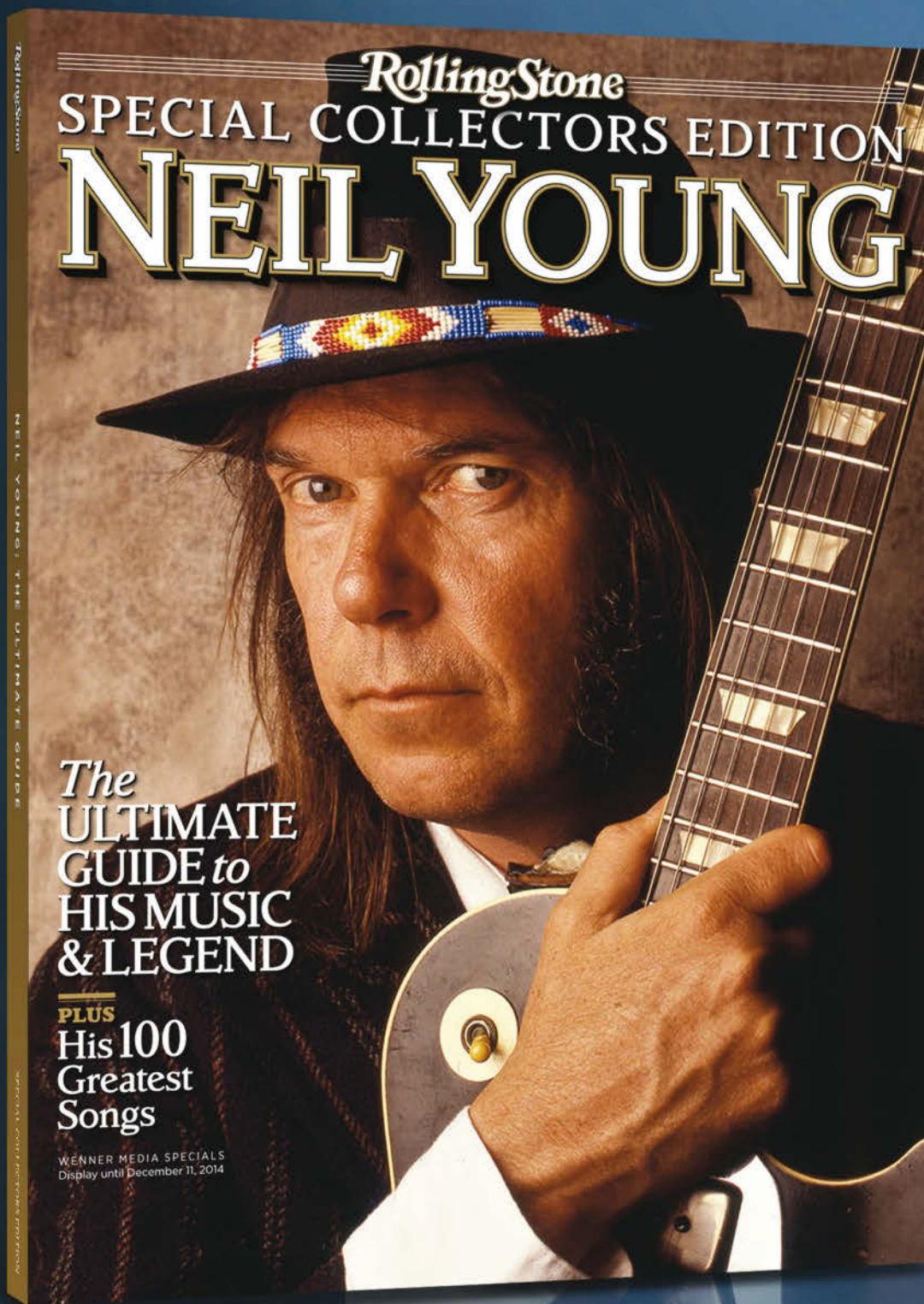


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SPECIAL SECTION

THE HOT LIST | 2014 |

Hot It Girl *Gigi Hadid* 43

Hot Blues Punk
Benjamin Booker 46

Hot Political Strategy
Ignore Public Opinion 48

Hot Actor *Miles Teller* 51

Hot Chameleon
FKA Twigs 52

Hot Rapper *Young Thug* 56

Hot Scary Tech *DIY Drones* ... 58

FEATURES

62 The Passion of Dave Grohl

How a Foo Fighter learned to stop worrying and love the land of opportunity. *By* DAVID FRICKE

68 A Rape on Campus

When a UVA student tried to hold the men who assaulted her accountable, new abuses began. *By* SABRINA RUBIN ERDELY

DEPARTMENTS

ROCK & ROLL

13 AC/DC Struggle Back

The rock heroes return, but two members are out of the picture.

PLUS Our 2014 Gift Guide

RECORD REVIEWS

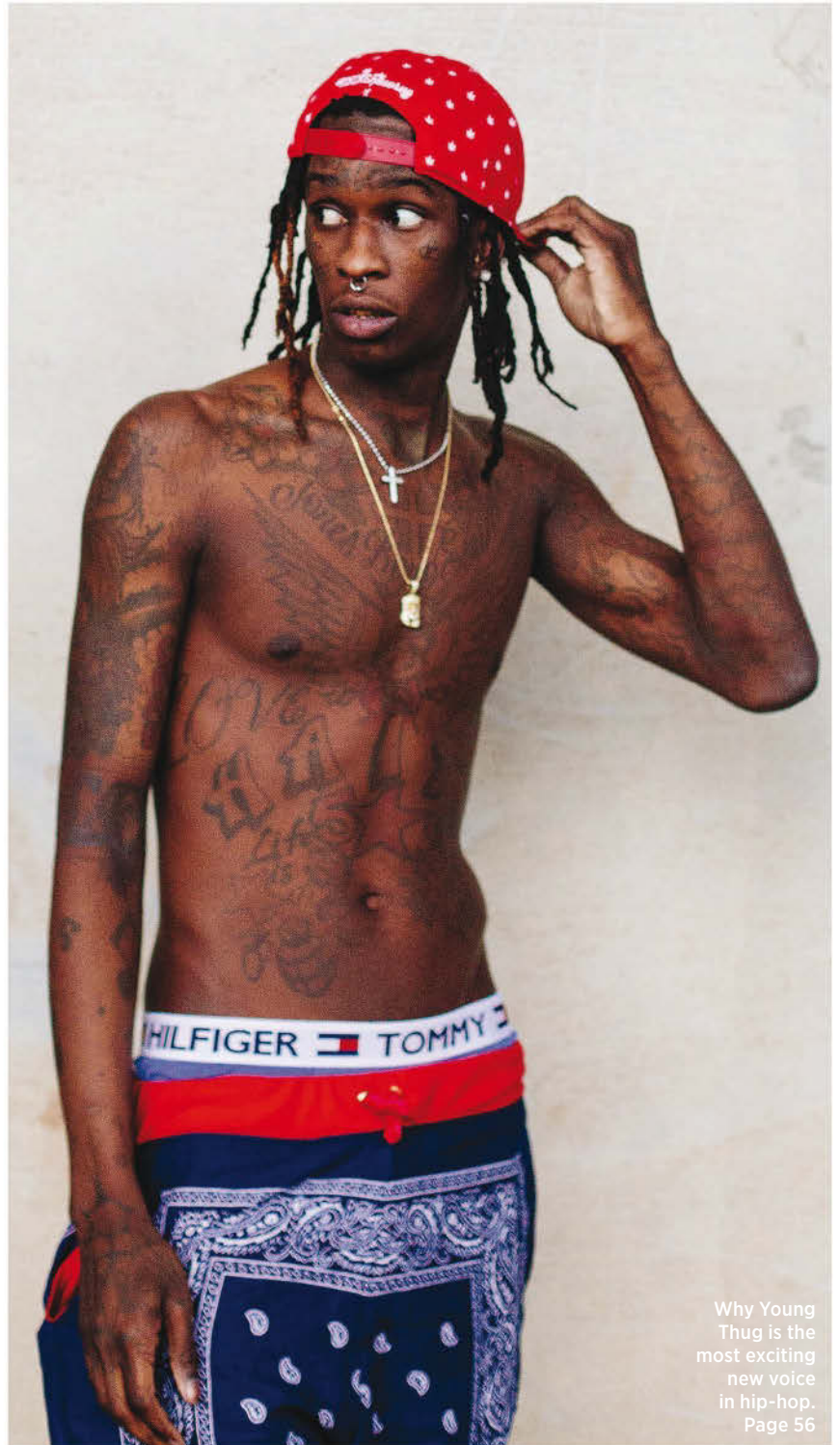
79 The Once and Future 1D

One Direction plunder Seventies and Eighties pop on their new LP.

MOVIE REVIEWS

87 She's Still Got Game

Jennifer Lawrence brings the heat in the next-to-last *Hunger Games*.



Why Young Thug is the most exciting new voice in hip-hop. Page 56

ON THE COVER Dave Grohl photographed in Los Angeles on November 4th, 2014, by **Peggy Sirota**.

Grooming by Johnny Hernandez at Fierro Agency.

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Grohl with Butch Vig and engineer James Brown (from left)

BONUS

INSIDE 'SONIC HIGHWAYS': EXPERT RECAPS BY GROHL

Are America's great music cities losing their character? And what is Roky Erickson really like? Check out RS.com after every episode of HBO's *Sonic Highways* to read Dave Grohl's behind-the-scenes accounts.



Jagger and Richards in 1975

EXCLUSIVE

THE ROLLING STONES: 'RIP THIS JOINT' IN LOS ANGELES

The Stones' 1975 American tour is coming to CD and DVD. Check out "Rip This Joint," taken from a gig at the Los Angeles Forum.



Ben Sinclair of Maintenance

TV

RETURN OF THE WEED MAN: 'HIGH MAINTENANCE'

The Web-only show *High Maintenance*, which follows a New York pot dealer, began its second season in November. We spoke to the creators.



The Velvets in 1969

ROCK

WHAT GOES ON: SURVIVING VU MEMBERS LOOK BACK

VU's third album, 1969's *The Velvet Underground*, is being reissued on its 45th anniversary, and Mo Tucker and Doug Yule are here to talk.



Tove Lo

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LOVE LETTERS
& ADVICE



U2 Get Back

BRIAN HIATT KILLED IT with his U2 cover story ["Trying to Throw Their Arms Around the World," RS 1221]. It's thrilling to read the details of how *Songs of Innocence* was created. They made a brilliant record that's both new and familiar to longtime fans.

*Suzanne LeCompte
Via the Internet*

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I liked U2 a lot, but it's becoming increasingly difficult, as their self-importance quotient seems to know no bounds.

*Paul Desmond
Southborough, MA*

I DEVoured THE ENGROSSING U2 cover story. Only Bono, the most charming rock star on Earth, could recast the band's decision to have *Songs of Innocence* appear on millions of phones as a lovely valentine to the band's fans. Gotta say, it worked for me!

*Danielle McCaully
Via the Internet*

I LOVED HIATT'S PIECE ON U2, but maybe it shouldn't be five years between albums. U2's music has brought so much to my life, so it's really hard to complain about the gift they've given me. I just can't understand how they think *Songs of Innocence* is better than *No Line on the Horizon*.

Mark Alves, Norton, MA

King of Darkness

In RS 1221, associate editor Andy Greene traveled to Bangor, Maine, for an intimate sit-down with America's horror maestro, Stephen King [The ROLLING STONE Interview]. Legions of RS readers and King fans wrote in to comment.

AFTER READING THE RS interview with Stephen King, I have a newfound respect for the master of the macabre. From literature to politics, King's insights are fresh, honest and provocative. I look forward to renewing my acquaintance with him.

Mark Horner, Austin

I WAS SO PLEASED WITH this interview. It's nice to learn that King is both bizarre and down-to-earth and that he writes not for the fame but because he loves it. We're grateful.

*Denise Kuzela
Lakewood, OH*

I WAS VERY HAPPY TO read that King liked Springsteen's *Nebraska*. I always knew he had exquisite taste.

Tom Rankin, Jersey City, NJ

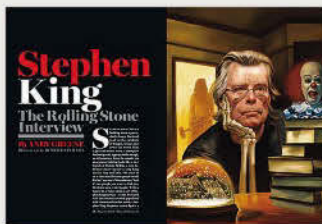
STEPHEN KING CONFIRMED what I have thought for years: Stanley Kubrick's version of *The Shining* was a travesty. It was misogynistic, and Nicholson's performance bore no resemblance

to the Jack Torrance of King's classic novel.

*Judith Squires
Sherman Oaks, CA*

I LOVE WHAT KING SAID about fans who threaten to stop reading his political work: "So what? If you can't separate entertainment from politics, who needs you?"

Robert Sayer, via the Internet



WHAT AN IMAGINATION. I wish this excellent interview had run at twice its length.

Maude Lester, via the Internet

KING IS A HUGE FIGURE IN American literature, and he deserved the cover. Imagine Roberto Parada's illustration on the newsstand right before Halloween!

*Adam Lepkowski
Rockaway, NJ*

WHAT JOY IT WAS WHEN I saw one of my rock heroes, Jimmy Page, in RS 1221. Then I turned a few pages and realized Mark Binelli is my true hero. Bless you, sir. Sorry, Jimmy.

Kelly Bowers, Topeka, KS

The Tao of Bill

HATS OFF TO GAVIN EDWARDS for his profile of Bill Murray ["Being Bill Murray," RS 1221]. That this gifted funnyman has no agent or pub-

licist and takes pitches for work on a 1-800 line while lovingly crashing parties and bringing people joy makes him the most fully present guy out there.

*Frank Young
Via the Internet*

Pyramid Dreams?

THANK YOU FOR EXPOSING Vemma ["Selling the Bro Dream," RS 1221]. I was harassed by "friends" to buy into a Vemma distributorship. Back at school, I couldn't sell the product - no one liked the taste or could afford it. Now Vemma won't return my calls. The only thing the company will do for you is show you how to quickly lose money.

*Keriann McKissick
Yardley, PA*

Tinder Box

AFTER READING VANESSA Grigoriadis' "Inside the Hook-up Factory" [RS 1221], I realized Tinder is yet another billion-dollar personal-data-compiling company that offers no real service and employs few people. This is the future of our unsustainable boom-and-bust economy.

Alena Filip, via the Internet

RS Triple Play

THE MOMENT I RECEIVED RS 1221, I dropped everything. Why? U2, Bill Murray and Stephen King - a winning trifecta of my favorite band, actor and writer. I actually ran out to get an additional issue to frame. This is why I've been a reader for 20 years.

Carlos Vega, Brooklyn

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THE PLAYLIST

OUR FAVORITE SONGS, ALBUMS AND VIDEOS RIGHT NOW



1. Mark Ronson feat. Bruno Mars "Uptown Funk"

The first single from superproducer Ronson's all-star album *Uptown Special* (due out January 27th) has a killer bass line, glitzy brass and a slick lead vocal from Mars, who references both Yves Saint Laurent and Michelle Pfeiffer. It's a little bit *Purple Rain*, a little *Off the Wall*, and 100 percent party-starting fun.



2. Bob Dylan "Things We Said Today"

For the new tribute set *The Art of McCartney*, Dylan sinks his teeth into this sweet early-Beatles love song. His mean-dog growl gives a whole new meaning to "a hard day's night."

3. Rick Ross feat. Jay Z "Movin' Bass"

When these two guys team up, rap-heads pay attention. This superconfident hustler's anthem, with a jiggly beat by Timbaland, is just as badass as you expect.



4. TV on the Radio "Careful You"

No one sings about mixed emotions quite as poignantly as TVOTR's Tunde Adebimpe. See what we mean on this synth-laced standout from the art-rock kings' great new album, *Seeds*.

5. Mitski "Townie"

"I want a love that falls as fast as a body from the balcony," singer-songwriter Mitski Miyawaki pleads on this fuzzed-out anthem from her excellent new *Bury Me at Makeout Creek*. Listen to this song a few times and we bet you'll fall for it just as fast.

6. Taylor Swift "Blank Space" video

We're calling it: This is Taylor's best, funniest video since 2008's "You Belong With Me." Make sure to stick around for the crazy twist in the last verse.



7. FKA Twigs "Video Girl" video

FKA Twigs specializes in art that walks the line between sexy and disturbing. In this black-and-white clip, the English singer wears a creepy metal mask and writhes around as a prisoner gets executed. It's a hell of a nightmare.



EXPERT OPINION



Warren Haynes

The Gov't Mule singer-guitarist – who's preparing several live albums, including the Pink Floyd-themed *Dark Side of the Mule* – tells us what he thinks of five songs, old and new.

OLD

Neil Young

"Don't Cry No Tears"

Zuma was a cool period. I love the fact that Neil is all about capturing first takes. It makes the music more timeless.

Bruce Springsteen

"Adam Raised a Cain"

I love the angry Bruce, the minor-key Bruce when he's really intense. All the deep stuff, when he flexes his muscles.

Pink Floyd

"Echoes"

Those 16 minutes of music go in so many different directions. I love that it creates all those moods and grooves and textures.

NEW

The Black Keys

"Fever"

I think distortion is very underrated in the magnetism of rock & roll. Dan Auerbach is able to tap into that in a modern way.

Gary Clark Jr.

"Catfish Blues" (live)

I really dig Gary. This song's been done a lot of ways – Gary's is very sultry. It makes it a little less intense.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: C. FLANIGAN/FILMAGIC; COURTESY OF PRESS HERE PUBLICITY; GAELE BER/REDFERNS/GETTY IMAGES; PARAS GRIFFIN/WIREIMAGE; DIMITRI HAKKE/REDFERNS/GETTY IMAGES; © KI PRICE/REUTERS/CORBIS

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Rock & Roll

Hard Rock, Harder Times

AC/DC are back with a new LP and tour, but two key members are out of the picture By David Fricke

THE FIRST BAD SIGN CAME even before AC/DC started recording their new album, *Rock or Bust*, in Vancouver last May: The group's longtime drummer, Phil Rudd, was 10 days late for the sessions. "One minute he was coming, then he wasn't, then he was," lead guitarist Angus Young recalls. "We're not a band that likes to wait around." At one point, Young says, producer Brendan O'Brien [Cont. on 14]

CARRYING THE FLAME
Cliff Williams, Brian Johnson, Stevie Young and Angus Young (from left) in London, 2014

AC/DC

[Cont. from 13] decided Rudd had one last chance to show up. "Brendan said, 'If he's not here by Friday, there will be another drummer there.'"

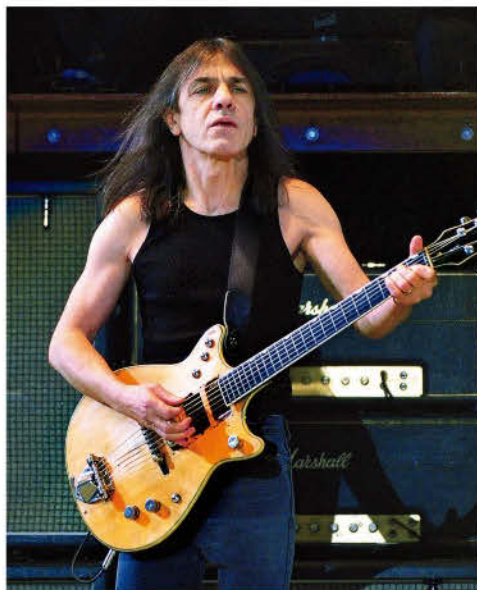
Rudd arrived and, Young says, "did his job." But, the guitarist notes, "I've seen him in better shape. It was not the Phil we had known, after we had finished the last tour. He'd let himself go." In October, Rudd missed an AC/DC photo and video shoot in London. Then, on November 6th, he was arrested at his home in New Zealand, accused of murder-for-hire. The charge was dropped for lack of evidence. But Rudd is still accused of threatening to kill, and of possession of methamphetamine and cannabis.

In a press statement, AC/DC strongly implied they were ready to go on the road without him: "Phil's absence will not affect the release of our new album, *Rock or Bust*, and upcoming tour next year." Young confirms this in an interview a week after Rudd's arrest: "The drum situation is a question mark. But we will definitely be out there." The guitarist confesses he was caught off-guard by the extent of Rudd's troubles. "But our problems had begun even before the situation he's in now. And our thing was we were going forward."

Young is referring to a bigger critical hole in AC/DC's boogie power: the loss of Malcolm Young, Angus' older brother and the group's iron-willed rhythm guitarist, who is suffering from dementia and is in full-time care at an undisclosed facility in Australia. Malcolm, 61, does not play on *Rock or Bust* and is permanently retired from the multi-platinum blues-rock band he founded, with Angus, in Sydney in 1973. That leaves Angus – 59 and still tearing across stages in his trademark schoolboy shorts – to guide singer Brian Johnson, bassist Cliff Williams and new guitarist Stevie Young, Malcolm and Angus' 58-year-old nephew, into an uncertain future. But "Mal always wanted the music to go on," Johnson says. "And I'm not going to say no."

"It's something that had actually been happening for a long time," Angus says, speaking publicly for the first time about Malcolm's condition during an earlier conversation in October. The symptoms – lapses in memory and concentration – "had surfaced even before the last project," AC/DC's 2008 album, *Black Ice*. But Angus says Malcolm was "still capable of knowing what he wanted to do. I had said to him, 'Do you want to go through with what we're doing?' And he said, 'Shit, yeah.'" Malcolm, Angus points out, "liked to finish what he started."

Hunched over a cup of tea in a London hotel, speaking in a soft, resigned growl, Angus reveals that Malcolm was already in treatment during his last tour with AC/DC, from 2008 to 2010. "He got good help, good medical care," Angus says. Malcolm had to "relearn a lot of things," including riffs he had created for AC/DC's biggest songs, "which was very strange for him. But he was always a confident guy, and we made it work."



TWO MEN DOWN Malcolm Young (top), a founding member of AC/DC, left the band due to dementia. Phil Rudd (above) was arrested in New Zealand on November 6th for drug possession and threatening to kill.

Malcolm is eerily present on *Rock or Bust*. The 11 songs are credited to Young-Young, largely built by Angus from guitar hooks he and Malcolm accumulated while writing previous AC/DC records. Angus did not play any of the new material, as he worked on it, for Malcolm. "With the condition he got in, that kind of faded," Angus concedes. He sought guidance from another older brother, George, a member of Sixties Australian rockers the Easybeats who co-produced AC/DC's early albums. But ul-

timately, Angus says, "You've got to make the decision yourself: 'What am I doing?'"

He and Malcolm, both born in Glasgow and raised in Sydney, answered that question together in 1980 after the death of then-AC/DC singer Bon Scott; they hired Johnson, an ebullient Englishman with a sandpaper howl, and made their biggest-selling album, *Back in Black*. This time, in late 2013, Angus turned to Stevie, the son of his and Malcolm's oldest brother (also called Stevie). Stevie had filled in for Malcolm on a 1988 tour, when the latter took a sabbatical to beat his alcoholism.

Angus, Malcolm and Stevie were close as boys, attending school together in Australia; later, Malcolm produced demos for some of Stevie's bands. "Angus filled me in on what was going on with Mal," Stevie says. "It wasn't going to be the band the way it was – that was impossible." Stevie, who lives in Birmingham, England, flew to Australia to visit Malcolm, "to see the situation for myself. Mal was physically fine," he contends. "But I don't think he could have done the tour."

"It was awful and great at the same time," Johnson, 67, says of making *Rock or Bust*. "Angus must have felt strange playing these tunes without Malcolm." But Johnson recalls passing Stevie's hotel room at night "to see how he was doing, and he'd have his things out, doing the songs, learning his riffs. He worked his socks off to make sure he was on the money."

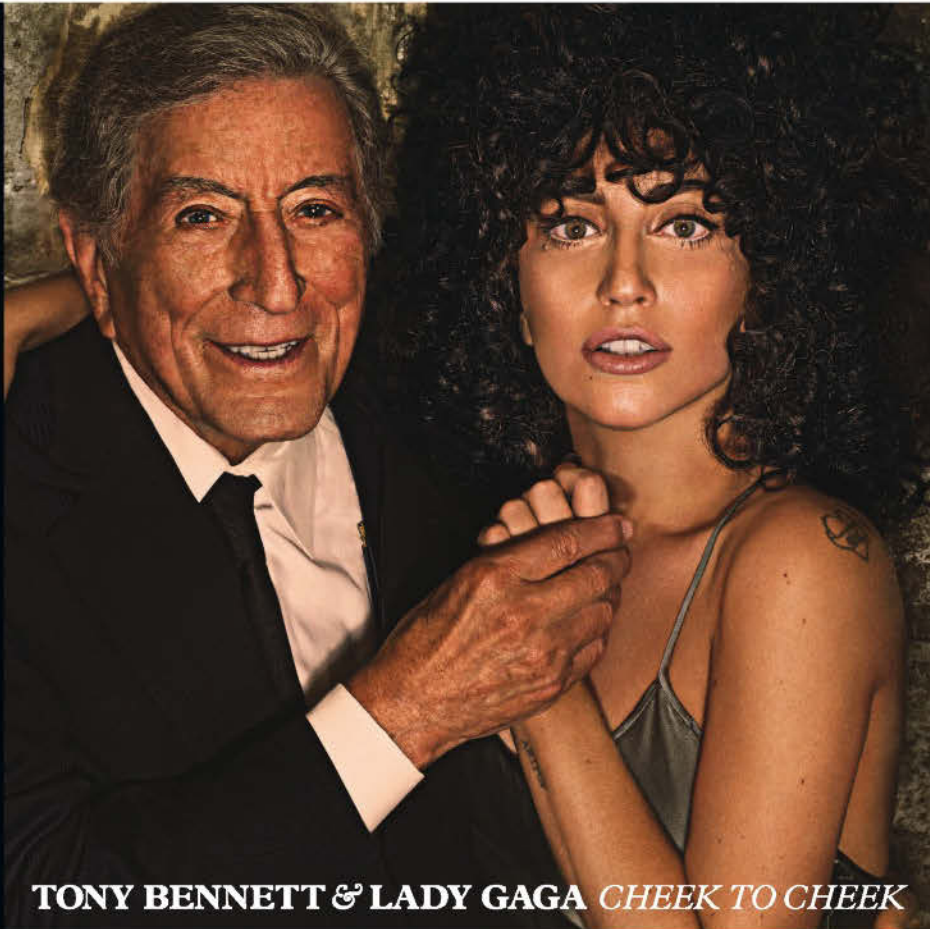
"The super-important thing about AC/DC is the left-right thing in the guitars," O'Brien says. "Stevie understood that. He put on the same guitars, through the same rig, and got the same sound." Williams believes that was inevitable. Stevie is, after all, a Young. "It's in his blood," the bassist, 64, says. "And it shows."

Everything else about AC/DC, including any life they may have after *Rock or Bust* and the 2015 tour, is up to Angus – alone. "This is Angus' passion, but he doesn't have Malcolm to lean on," O'Brien observes. "At some point, he has to decide, 'Is this something I want to keep doing, or have I said my piece?'"

Malcolm has not heard *Rock or Bust*. "He still likes his music," Angus says. "We make sure he has his Chuck Berry, a little Buddy Holly." But Angus believes he is pressing ahead on the record and the road – without Rudd if necessary – according to his brother's wishes and standards. "Look, even with his health, Malcolm was touring until he couldn't do it anymore."

Rudd's arrest "is a big blow to us," Angus admits. But, he repeats, "we will definitely be out there. We are committed to this."

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PROFILE



HOW THE WU WAS WON Cappadonna, Masta Killa, GZA, RZA, Raekwon, U-God, Inspectah Deck, Ghostface Killah, Method Man (from left) in October

Wu-Tang Reload Their Chambers

How hip-hop's greatest crew overcame bad blood and logistical headaches to rise once more **By Christian Hoard**

RZA STARES OUT THE WINDOW OF a room at the Soho Grand hotel in New York, looking a little weary. The Wu-Tang Clan leader just got off a marathon conference call with the rest of the group, who are releasing a new album, *A Better Tomorrow*, on December 2nd. As so often happens when the Wu talk to (or about) one another, gripes flew: Inspectah Deck was irked RZA had told the MCs what to rhyme about on the album; Raekwon refused to appear in the video for a new single. "Making our last album was difficult," says RZA, referring to 2007's *8 Diagrams*. "This one knocked it out of the box."

The year's most complicated comeback story almost never happened at all. In the mid-2000s, relations within the Wu-Tang Clan turned especially ugly: RZA faced lawsuits from both Ghostface Killah and U-God for unpaid funds (Ghostface's was settled and U-God's was voided, according to RZA), and he was accused of diluting the group's sound with his live-instrument-based production ("Shit is wack," Ghostface said of *8 Diagrams*). Things came to a head when RZA had invited the entire Wu-Tang Clan to the premiere of

American Gangster, in which he had a key role. Only Inspectah Deck showed up. At the next group meeting, RZA says, "There was a strong verbal attack on me. So I told them, 'You're my brothers forever, but I will never do business with you again.'"

But a few years ago, as the 20th anniversary of the group's debut album approached, RZA began to think about reconvening the Wu. Released in 1993, *Enter the Wu-Tang: 36 Chambers* established the Wu as hip-hop's wildest, most talented collective, a nine-man crew steeped in kung-fu movies, mystagogic symbolism and Staten Island's drug trade. The more RZA thought about the anniversary, the more ways he thought of to celebrate it: a world tour, a revival of the defunct Wu-Wear clothing line, maybe even a Wu-themed comic and video game. He also decided to make two different new albums: *A Better Tomorrow*, as well as a second record that the group would release in one copy and one copy only. (That one – called *Once Upon a Time in Shaolin* – goes up for auction in the near future; RZA has said the group received a \$5 million offer for it.)

In early 2013, RZA began work on new Wu-Tang songs, doubling down on his live-band approach to production. He worked in L.A. with producer and vintage-funk guru Adrian Younge. He also headed to Royal Studios in Memphis, where Al

Green's classic records were made, and hired some of the session men who played on them. RZA, a proficient guitarist, led the band through the changes himself.

But with fresh tracks came fresh acrimony. As the anniversary of *36 Chambers* came and went, the new Wu-Tang album was only partly finished. RZA publicly called out Raekwon and Ghostface for lack of commitment, and said he needed "more energy" from GZA. In April, after Wu-Tang put out the single "Keep Watch," Raekwon – a master of grimy drug-rap and the biggest holdout from *A Better Tomorrow* – took aim at RZA in an interview with *ROLLING STONE*. "I hate that fuckin' [song]. It ain't the gunpowder that my brothers are spitting," Raekwon said. "It's the production. It's like being a

coach and you won rings back in the day, but now your team is in ninth place."

Raekwon wanted to bring in outside producers like Dr. Dre; he also wanted more cash upfront before appearing on the album. RZA agreed to the second demand, paying the requested sum out of his own pocket. Then he met with Raekwon along with Ghostface, the other main holdout. The producer played some proposed beats for the MCs; each heard tracks they liked, and each ended up making key contributions to *A Better Tomorrow*. "I told Rae, 'You'll be like the guy who [Cont. on 18]"

"This is RZA's album. I decided to get in line like a soldier."

“

*What does being
lucky feel like? Let me
check...hmm, sorta
smooth and round.*

”

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Photography by Martin Wonnacott



WU-TANG CLAN

[Cont. from 16] came on my movie and stole the show,” says RZA.

“This is RZA’s album,” Raekwon says now. “I decided to get in line like a soldier and do what I needed to do.” As of mid-November, Raekwon still hadn’t heard the finished version of *A Better Tomorrow*, and he had concerns. “The production could have been grimmer,” he says. “When I think of the Wu, I think of *bloody* shit.”

A Better Tomorrow mixes classic-Wu science (kung-fu movie clips, references to criminal pasts) with RZA’s organic beats and touches of warmth and light – the change-the-world positivity of the title track; the nostalgia of “Wu-Tang Reunion,” where Ghostface does a sweet impression of Ol’ Dirty Bastard, who died in 2004. Given its backstory, it all hangs together surprisingly well.

Of course, finishing a Wu-Tang record at all is a feat. The group is spread across L.A., New York, New Jersey, Atlanta, Arizona. The members, all in their forties, have solo careers and families to attend to. (RZA has seven children; Cappadonna has eight kids and a grandchild.) Method Man just shot a movie with Adam Sandler. U-God is working on a memoir that proudly delves into his rap sheet – “I got the most fuckin’ criminal record of anyone in the Wu,” he claims.

When GZA isn’t working on his chess game, he’s giving lectures at high schools and colleges about the cosmos and the importance of science education. “Supernovas, black holes, craters, galaxies – it’s all interesting,” he says. “I visited Neil deGrasse Tyson at the Museum of Natural History. We kicked it.”

RZA keeps building on the acting career he launched in the Nineties. He was superb as the villain in *Brick Mansions*, Paul Walker’s last full film, and he recently translated a lifelong martial-arts obsession into his directorial debut, *The Man With the Iron Fists*. When he gets home to L.A., he plans to ask his buddy Quentin Tarantino to screen the super-obscure 1976 kung-fu flick *The Big Boss 2* for him. “He has the only American print,” says RZA.

Try as he might, RZA can’t let the Wu-Tang Clan rest. “My brother told me, ‘The Wu is your legacy! You probably helped get Obama the presidency because your music attracted multiple cultures,’” RZA says. “On Staten Island, you couldn’t even walk to some neighborhoods without your gun. Now those kids and their childrens are our friends! Mike the Italian, John the Italian – they with us.”



TWO FOR ONE Carl Broemel and James in Stinson Beach, California

IN THE STUDIO

My Morning Jacket Plan a Double Surprise

The psychedelic-rock crew will return with two albums over the next two years

MY MORNING JACKET HAVE stayed relatively quiet since they released 2011’s *Circuital*, but they’re about to make up for lost time: The band is currently finishing work on two new studio albums, one due in April, the other in 2016. “I just had tons of songs this time,” says frontman Jim James, checking in from the Portland, Oregon, studio where the group is mixing the first of the two LPs. “We didn’t even get to all of them.”

Late last year, James reconvened the Jacket at a studio near San Francisco to

start work on the tunes he’d stockpiled since their last album. “There was no rehearsal period,” James says. “We could just jump in and start rolling tape. It was really fun.” They ended up with 24 solid contenders, splitting them up into a pair of stand-alone discs, which they’re still in the process of sequencing. “I love making each record sound different,” he says. “I love the thrill of putting on a record and feeling like you got the wrong one from the factory.”

That’s not all: The singer reveals that he’s also begun work on a follow-up to his 2013 solo set, *Regions of Light and Sound of God*, which he hopes to finish in time for a 2016 release. “The Jacket is about creating a circle of power,” James says. “The solo record is more of a patchwork.” **JASON NEWMAN**

STUDIO NOTES



Red Hot Chili Peppers

The Chilis are sorting through more than 30 contenders for their first new LP since 2011’s *I’m With You*, Flea says. “It’s superdanceable, funky shit and some real introspective, pretty stuff,” says the bassist (above). “It feels good.” He adds that the band hopes to release the album and launch a tour by next fall.



Belle and Sebastian

The Scottish act’s ninth studio album, *Girls in Peacetime Want to Dance* (due out in January), features a new, electro-heavy sound – which lead singer Stuart Murdoch (left) says was inspired partly by the band’s love of Eighties synth-pop acts like the Pet Shop Boys and Bronski Beat. “This time, we knew that it was time to push it,” he says.

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Ray Davies

On the Who ripping him off, Wes Anderson, and whether he and his brother can agree to a Kinks tour By Andy Greene

KINKS FRONTMAN RAY DAVIES WROTE A staggering number of songs during the band's early years. For proof, look no further than *The Anthology 1964-1971*, a new 139-track collection that includes 25 unheard demos and outtakes. There's also talk of a Kinks tour, which would be their first since 1995 – but first Ray would have to come to terms with his brother (and Kinks guitarist) Dave. “He’s a lovely bloke, my brother,” says Ray. “But he’s got his way of thinking about things.”

In the Kinks’ early years, you may have been the most prolific songwriter in rock.

The record company, and probably our manager too, thought we wouldn’t last long, so they made us record more. Every time a record got into the Top 10, they said, “You’ve got to have another one.” So it kind of was like an assembly line. The Who’s first few singles sort of ripped you guys off. Did that bother you?

Well, they were influenced, to put it politely. When I heard “I Can’t Explain,” I thought, “Someone’s cocked our rear!” Pete [Townshend] has said that it was an influence. But that wasn’t as bad as when the Doors came out with “Hello, I Love You.”

Which sounds just like “All Day and All of the Night.”

My publisher wanted to sue. I was unwilling to do that. I think they cut a deal somewhere, but I don’t know the details. It’s interesting to hear the early version of “Waterloo Sunset.” Why do you think that song was huge everywhere but America?

It’s a song with a subject matter that’s very English. But it also came out during the period when we were banned from America. That was when you were barred from touring by a powerful musicians’ union.

It was a severe blow because America was the source of most of the inspiration I had as a kid. It was nirvana, the better place to go. We couldn’t tour there, and so we disappeared from radio. The ban lasted for two and a half years, I think. When we finally were allowed to come back, we sounded like a different band. We changed our style quite a lot.

Wes Anderson has used some of your songs in his movies. Do you think he introduced your music to young fans?

I do. It has been really flattering, and what’s great is he doesn’t use the obvious hits. He picks lesser-known songs because they fit the story more. It’s amazing that “Lola” was such a big hit in 1970, considering the subject matter.

The subject matter was concealed – it’s a crafty way of writing. I say, “She woke up next to me,” and people think it’s a woman. The story unfolds better than if the song were called “I Dated a Drag Queen.”

You turned 70 this past summer. Do you feel any different?

I don’t think about it much. I’m just trying to get my writing together. The Kinks have a bunch of tracks in some stage of completion. I’d like to get them finished. **Are you thinking of taking unfinished songs and going back into the studio to finish them?**

I’d like to do that. We’ve got tracks back from Dave, Mick [Avory] and the original band members. We’re talking about the Seventies and Eighties. There have got to be 20, at least. Then there are other finished songs I have in various forms of demo.

There have been lots of rumblings about a Kinks tour next year. Is that going to happen?

I can’t think that far forward. Over the years, I’ve been doing a few new tracks with Mick, our original drummer. You know about the war between Dave and Mick.

Those guys have been at each other’s throats for 50 years.

I don’t work for the United Nations. I’m just a musician. I had a drink with Mick last week, and I asked, “What happened to you guys?” They shared a house in the 1960s. I think some things went on there that created a rivalry. **It’s crazy that it’s still going on.**

It’s like a bad Harold Pinter play.

Dave said he doesn’t want a Kinks tour to be the Ray Davies show, with his kid brother in the corner.

I don’t understand what that’s about. If we do a Kinks show, we’re the Kinks. Ray stands on the right of the stage and Dave stands on the left. Look, my brother is very intelligent. He’s a good writer. We actually put down a few demos last Christmas. He came to see me, and he played me a couple of new songs. **So... there will be a tour next year?**

I don’t know about next year. I’m doing a studio album of my songs from my book *Americana*, and I’m going to do a small tour. As for the Kinks, I have to talk to Dave.



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Alt-J's Art-School Triumph

How three cerebral, Radiohead-loving guys sold a million records and made Miley a fan By Jonah Weiner

BACK WHEN JOE NEWMAN WAS an art student at the University of Leeds, he set about methodically photocopying a photocopier. "I got a photocopier and dismantled it, piece by piece," he recalls, grinning. "Then I took each component and photocopied it in a different photocopier. I wanted to put together all the photocopied components and build a new photocopier entirely out of copies. But I only finished the top part."

Newman's interest waned because he was less passionate about making art than about making extremely arty music. With several classmates, he formed a rock band whose songs featured jarring shifts in direction and tempo, sampled dead poets, and had oblique lyrics that referenced Maurice Sendak, prescription drugs and *Alien*. They called it Alt-J, which is the keystone for rendering a delta symbol – △ – on a Mac. Says Newman, "I basically went to art school to start a band."

On a sunny October afternoon, the members of Alt-J are walking down Ocean Beach in San Francisco, at the outset of a two-month North American tour. The band's first album, *An Awesome Wave*, came out in 2012, sold more than a million copies and won the U.K.'s venerable Mercury Prize. On the follow-up, *This Is All Yours* (which debuted atop the U.K. charts in September), Alt-J build seemingly incompatible elements into spry, surprisingly catchy rock: acoustic instruments meet electronic textures; double-time tempos crash into lurching, Timbaland-style beats; and weird folk harmonies give way to punishing distortion.

The album includes a sample of Miley Cyrus, who is an avowed Alt-J fan. "There's no highbrow versus lowbrow for us," says Newman, who grew up obsessed with the Spice Girls. "I love big, bold, fucking easy pop." Between Newman's reedy voice and the band's vibe of deft idiosyncrasy, Alt-J have been likened to Radiohead by the U.K. press, and although the comparison is a stretch – Alt-J's music is more whimsical, pretty and subdued – it has a degree of merit: One of the first albums Alt-J bonded over at school was *In Rainbows*.

"There's no highbrow versus lowbrow for us," says Newman. "I love big, bold, easy pop."



GLOWER TRIO
Unger-Hamilton,
Green and Newman
(from left)

Joining Newman on the beach are keyboardist Gus Unger-Hamilton, 25 – working a sort of chic Groucho Marx look with a mustache, thick-rimmed eyeglasses and a black suede bomber – and drummer Thom Green, 29, who has stringy red hair, a ring in his left nostril and skinny legs protruding from cut-off jean shorts. Unsurprisingly, for a band that makes music so conspicuously erudite, Alt-J say they don't much partake in wild debauchery on the road, indulging in more sedate pastimes. "If it wasn't for this interview, I'd be in my room watching *Walking Dead*," Newman says.

The bandmates climb a winding path to a cliffside restaurant for lunch: fish and chips, Bloody Marys, a chamomile tea for Unger-Hamilton. They have an easy rapport – a result of countless nights hanging in student housing – but Alt-J come from

markedly different backgrounds. Newman is the son of a probation officer who stocked the house with acoustic guitars. "He played in pubs, covering Joni Mitchell and Eric Clapton," Newman recalls.

Unger-Hamilton has an aristocratic lineage: His full name is Augustus Figaro Niso, descended from a baronet. As a child, he played classical piano and sang in the choir at a primary school whose former students include an Anglo-Saxon king (Edward the Confessor, Class of 1013, give or take). When Alt-J were starting out, Unger-Hamilton was lucky to get advice from his older half-brother Ferdy, who is the president of Polydor Records. "He wasn't sending our demos around to people, pushing us," Gus notes. "It was more that when we were starting to get industry attention, he'd say, 'Yeah, meet this guy; no, that guy's a dick.'" Unger-Hamilton says that, despite his fancy bloodline, his background is more [Cont. on 23]

TURN IT UP
Kid Rock in
a Nashville
studio.



CHECKING IN

Kid Rock Gets Back in the Saddle on 'First Kiss'

Cheap wine is good and Coldplay is bad on Rock's upcoming fifth album

I'M NOT COOL," SAYS KID ROCK. "I don't fucking understand Coachella or the Internet or skinny jeans." That comes through loud and clear on his new song "Good Times and Cheap Wine," a stomping boogie that blasts everything from Twitter to Coldplay in favor of getting drunk and listening to old-time rock & roll.

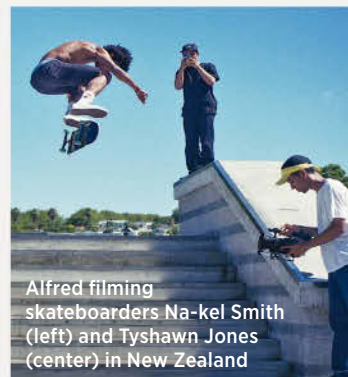
It's a highlight on Rock's upcoming album, *First Kiss* (due in February). He regards his last LP, 2012's *Rebel Soul*, as "a bad record – so this one is more pressure." This time out, Rock teamed with Austin rockers the Band of Heathens, mining his past for a set that ranges from old-school

hip-hop – "Hoppin Around" is an ode to Rock's brother Billy, who lost a leg in a tractor accident at age seven ("He thinks the song is funny as shit") – to Aerosmith-style rockers like "Ain't Enough Whiskey," where he slams politicians who "talk about taking my guns away." "It's not going to be considered politically correct," says Rock, who campaigned for Mitt Romney in 2012, "but it says what's going on."

The best moments on the album showcase Rock's country side – "Jesus and Bocephus" is one of his weirdest songs ever, with Rock paying tribute to Hank Williams Jr. over little more than churchy organ; "A Beer With Dad" is a tear-jerking, pedal-steel-laced ballad about getting older; and "Johnny Cash" pays homage to the singer's long marriage to June Carter Cash. "[It's] coming to a wedding near you," jokes Rock. **PATRICK DOYLE**

ODD FUTURE AND FRIENDS' SKATEBOARD ADVENTURES

A bunch of L.A. skateboarders get high, mess with some cops and puke on the sidewalk – all set to the funky strains of Willie Hutch's 1973 jam "Mack's Stroll/The Getaway." That's just the first 20 seconds of *Illegal Civilization 2*, a 70-minute video that combines hip-hop, skating and adventurously asshole behavior. Nineteen-year-old filmmaker Mikey Alfred, an associate of rap collective Odd Future, traveled the world with a pack of buddies that includes OF stars Tyler, the Creator and Earl Sweatshirt. He scored footage of the crew getting kicked off planes and fucking with security guards in cities from New York to Auckland, New Zealand. "I filmed everything, every day," says Alfred. They also find time to pick up their boards and do some excellent ripping. "Mikey just grabbed his camera and filmed," says Tyler, who contributed to the movie's awesome soundtrack, which also includes classic tracks from N.W.A, 2 Live Crew and Gucci Mane. "We live all that." **CORINNE CUMMINGS**



Alfred filming skateboarders Na-keel Smith (left) and Tyshawn Jones (center) in New Zealand

ALT-J

[Cont. from 22] bohemian than it is posh. His parents worked, variously, as musical scholars, musicians, translators and even restaurateurs. "It was old not-very-much money, as opposed to old money," he says.

Green has had the hardest life by far. He lost most of his hearing by the time he was six; today, he says, "I'm about 80 percent deaf." He suffers from Alport syndrome, a rare genetic disorder that, in addition to ravaging one's hearing, can also cause kidney failure. In 2008, Green underwent a

successful kidney transplant, but he lives with profound uncertainty. "The new kidney could fail next week, or it could last another 20 years," he says.

Alt-J's success is in large part thanks to Green's inventive drumming. When Alt-J started touring, he sent an e-mail to Widex, a manufacturer of digital hearing aids; the company gave him an endorsement deal, fitting him with custom-built devices. "They would cost about 12,000 pounds if I had to pay for them," he says.

Work began on *This Is All Yours* in January, at a rehearsal space in London.

For a band whose songs are so precision-engineered, there was an unlikely element at play in the studio. "We smoked a lot of weed," Newman says. Unger-Hamilton chimes in: "We weren't deliberately getting really high to make music. It was just a fun thing to do."

Alt-J push back from their plates and take a last look at the ocean. Green isn't sure what he'll do with the rest of his day. Unger-Hamilton, neither. Newman, though, has a plan in mind. "I'm going to go get high," he says, rubbing his palms together, "and watch *Walking Dead*." **EW**

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CHEATING
HEARTSWest and Wilson's
dangerous liaison

A Very Bad Romance

'The Affair' – a 'True Detective'-meets-'Rashomon' drama – is less about sex and more about the lies we tell ourselves By Rob Sheffield

THE AFFAIR TELLS the oldest story in the book: a bored husband, a salty young girlfriend, a summer fling gone horribly wrong. But the Showtime drama's brilliant twist is letting

The Affair

Sundays, 10 p.m., Showtime

both the man and the woman tell the tale from their different points of view to a cop investigating a murder mystery. They remember steamy coupling, vicious fights, plenty of deceit. You can't be sure when they're lying or when they just recall things differently. You can't even tell how many corpses there are. But these two are clearly digging themselves deeper into trouble the longer they talk. *The Affair* could have been titled *How to Not Get Away With a Goddamn Thing*.

It's hard to look at Dominic West and not see him as McNulty on *The Wire* – he was always so great at getting his ass kicked. And he suffers similar agonies here, as the chump of a cheating husband, Noah. He's a

teacher and a frustrated writer, spending the summer on Long Island with his wife and kids. His rich in-laws humiliate him constantly. And he can't get cooking on his second novel. He's the kind of guy who ducks into the local library and peeks to see if anyone has checked out his book. (Nobody has.)

So Noah is an easy target for trouble. And no surprise – the trouble he finds has a short skirt and a few dark secrets of her own. Ruth Wilson's Alison is the small-town waitress down at the diner, married to the hot-blooded rancher Joshua Jackson. Noah and Alison make eye contact and start licking their lips. They smell disaster in the air – and they like it.

Despite all the heat and violence, *The Affair* is really about how we talk – the stories people tell about themselves, to liven up their otherwise tedious lives. Noah and Alison trade off the narrative *True Detective*-style, with clashing accounts of the summer they met and fell in lust. Yet from the beginning, they're in it for the story, not the sex. They each love to spin

themselves as the noble tragic figure in the tale, even when their facts are wildly contradictory. Noah even pitches his novel to the cop who's interrogating him, which is some truly astounding hubris.

The melancholy power of *The Affair* is that the characters are walking clichés – except they get flipped a little sideways, because they're painfully

self-conscious about how predictable their problems are. "I know what you think you see," Alison tells Noah contemptuously after sex. "Some easy-going girl who's gonna shake you up with her free spirit, so by the end of the summer, you can go back home to your boring wife with a bounce in your step." Guilty as charged.

The Affair wouldn't work if it were nothing but Noah and Alison – the real power of the story is in the fling's collateral damage on their friends and families. Jackson and Maura Tierney are the duped spouses, both sympathetic yet nowhere near saintly. And in a casting masterstroke, Noah's blowhard father-in-law is John Doman – McNulty's old commanding officer from *The Wire*, who looks like he still hates this guy enough to ship him off to the midnight shift on the marine unit.

But even if this isn't much of a romance, it's all they've got. For Noah and Alison, living out this story is a refuge from their lonely everyday existence. And so is retelling it, even if they're talking to a cop who pulls the classic "Oh, just one more question" trick from *Columbo* – and it works on *both* of them. What makes *The Affair* so effectively saddening is that Noah and Alison, like so many lovers, keep discovering that what they're escaping to isn't so different from what they were running from in the first place. **R**

SHORT TAKE

TV's Greatest Grandpa?

Black-ish

Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m., ABC

Black-ish might have looked like a one-joke premise – a sitcom where Anthony Anderson worries about his suburban kids losing touch with their black roots. But it has turned into one of the only new network comedies worth watching. Nothing original: Two parents, four kids, a grandpa, but that formula can click when your grandpa is Laurence Fishburne's Pops – he's the bad conscience of *Black-ish*, with a genuinely demented grin that keeps anything from looking too wholesome. Is he the first grandpa in TV history who



Anderson
and Fishburne

shot himself in the foot to get out of going to Vietnam? Signs point to yes. And he keeps meddling in his son's family life, not because he's a voice of old-school wisdom – it's because he's a spiteful pain in the ass. Let's hope Fishburne can keep him that way. **R.S.**

"I just don't like sea urchins. They're sitting there waiting to injure you." —Taylor Swift

Randon Notes



HEAVY MEDAL

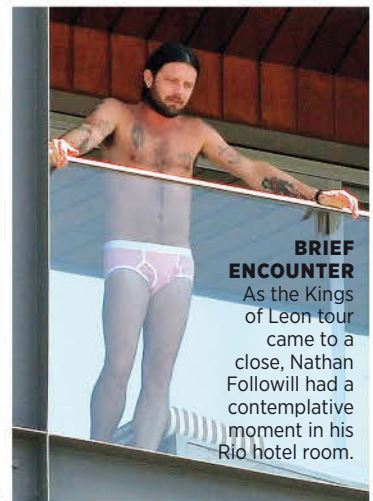
"We finally get to play for our heroes," said James Hetfield during Metallica's set.

Red, White & Bruce

More than 100,000 fans turned up in D.C. on Veterans Day for the Concert for Valor, featuring sets by Rihanna, Metallica and the Black Keys. But the most talked-about moment was Bruce Springsteen, Dave Grohl and Zac Brown's cover of Creedence's anti-war anthem "Fortunate Son." Right-wing critics later blasted the performance, but John Fogerty loved it. "I'm proud the song still has resonance," he says. "I believe its meaning gets misinterpreted."



SHARP-DRESSED MEN Gregg Allman and Billy Gibbons — who first toured together in 1971 — caught up in L.A.

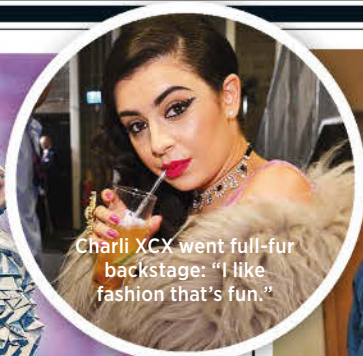


BRIEF ENCOUNTER As the Kings of Leon tour came to a close, Nathan Followill had a contemplative moment in his Rio hotel room.



READY FOR BLASTOFF

Nicki Minaj hosted the MTV European Music Awards, powering through 10 costume changes, including this towering get-up.



Charli XCX went full-fur backstage: "I like fashion that's fun."



GETTING IN TUNE Eddie Vedder gave Pete Townshend a preview of his version of "Naked Eye" before raging through it at the Teenage Cancer Trust benefit in London. "We became friends because he listens to me when I speak," said Townshend. "I love that!"

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Cowboy and the Commander

Willie Nelson has been visiting the White House since the Carter years (as the legend goes, he once inhaled on the roof). This year, he returned for a Veterans Day concert and managed to get President Obama to sing "On the Road Again" with him and John Fogerty. "He and Michelle have come on the bus a couple of times," Nelson says. "I don't agree with him on everything, but he's done some good things for women, and Obamacare has been good for my family." Adds Fogerty, "Introducing my daughter and son to the president and first lady was unforgettable."



THIS COUGHING MAN
Despite battling the flu, Morrissey made it through his gig in Hanover, Germany. "Sneezes aside, it's been a triumphant tour," he said.



NEXT GIRL After rocking L.A.'s Forum, the Black Keys' Dan Auerbach hit the Chateau Marmont with a mystery blonde.



WRAPPER'S DELIGHT

Iggy Azalea picked up moving supplies in Beverly Hills with her boyfriend, NBA star Nick "Swaggy P" Young.



Young at his art show. "I'm enjoying it a lot," he says.

LONG MAY YOU RUN Young's painting of his '57 Eldorado: "I'd trace them, then I just started painting."



Living With Cars

Neil Young and Daryl Hannah cruised L.A. in his LincVolt, a 1959 Continental that Young turned into a hybrid-electric car. The day before, Young, who's been painting lately, showed off his watercolors of cars. "I've had some heavy-duty clunkers!" he says.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PETE SOUZA/THE WHITE HOUSE; CLEMENS NIEHAUS/© FUTURE-IMAGE/ZUMA PRESS.COM; ROLO/ARM-GSI; JOHN SHEARER/INVISION/AP IMAGES; AP IMAGES; COLEMAN-RAYNER; NEIL YOUNG; DMAC/ROCKSTAR/FAMELYNET PICTURES

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Stocking Rockers

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For \$1,000, anyone can now buy a print of this iconic Hendrix shot; Rock Paper Photo has others for far less. • *from \$89*



LED ZEPPELIN DELUXE REISSUES

Jimmy Page put together these overstuffed reissues of the first five Zep albums, which include rarities discs, handsome photo booklets and a whole lotta vinyl. • *\$140 each*

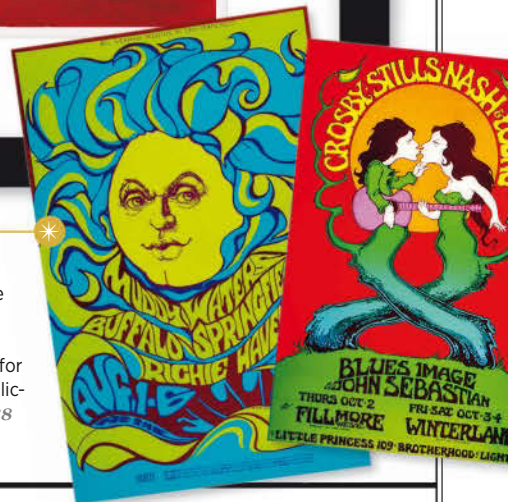
AETHER CONE

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WOLFGANG'S VAULT CONCERT POSTERS

Wolfgang's Vault has become the go-to spot for Sixties and Seventies rock memorabilia. Skip the coffee mugs and go for a reproduction of a psychedelic-era concert poster. • *from \$38*





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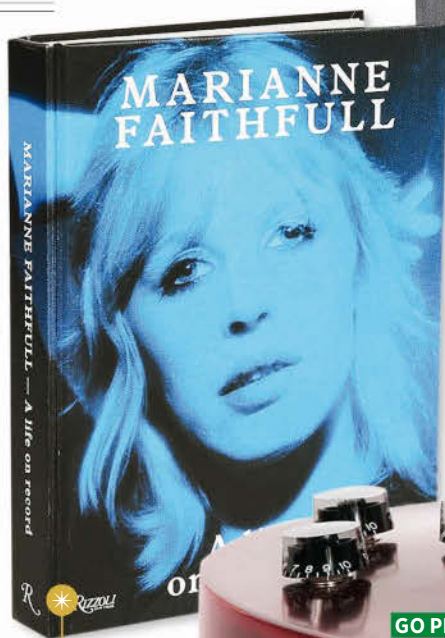
**SLEATER-KINNEY,
'START TOGETHER'**

A punk-rock hailstorm in a box: all seven Sleater-Kinney LPs on vinyl, just in time for the band's reunion. • \$125



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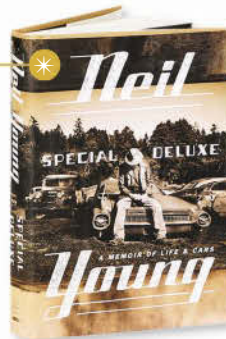


**'MARIANNE
FAITHFULL: A
LIFE ON RECORD'**

Fifty years ago, Faithfull turned the world on with "As Tears Go By" (and soon after, she'd turn Mick Jagger on, too). This gorgeous coffee-table book captures a pop icon from the Swinging Sixties to today. • \$65

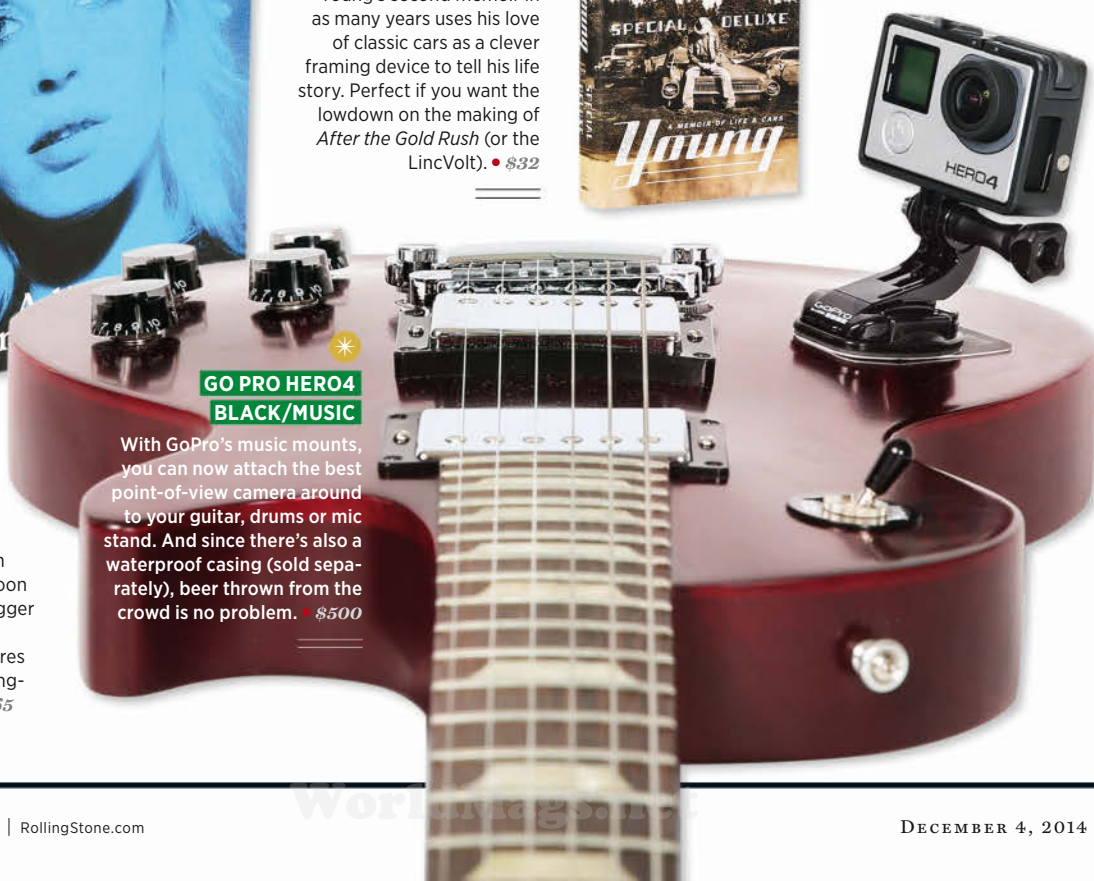
**'SPECIAL DELUXE,'
BY NEIL YOUNG**

Young's second memoir in as many years uses his love of classic cars as a clever framing device to tell his life story. Perfect if you want the lowdown on the making of *After the Gold Rush* (or the *LincVolt*). • \$32



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BLACK/MUSIC**

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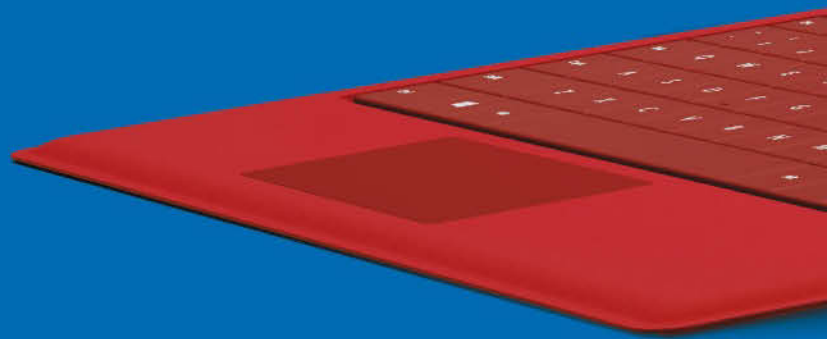
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Surface Pro 3

Headline is a direct comparison to the 13" MacBook Air. Adobe Photoshop, Office and keyboard sold separately.

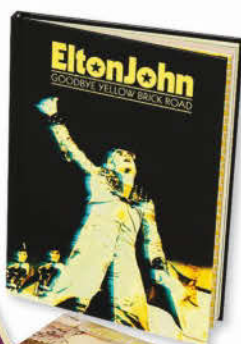


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**ELTON JOHN,
'GOODBYE YELLOW
BRICK ROAD'**

This 40th-anniversary box set includes rare photos, an Elton-curated covers album and the *Live at Hammersmith 1973* DVD. • \$80

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SYNTHESIZER**

This synthesizer, sampler and sequencer hooks up to your computer, it's ready to play right out of the box, has pro-level features – and is really fun to use. • \$849

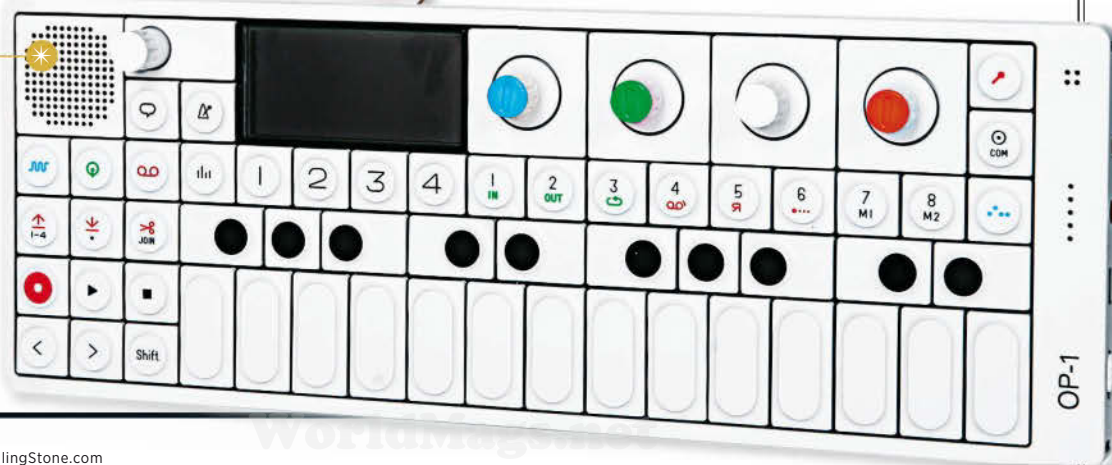


**DEERDANA
RICKY ROZAY
ASHTRAY**

Artist Dana Veraldi – known for T-shirts with portraits of hipster icons – created this ultimate baller accessory. • \$35

**DEEZER ELITE
FOR SONOS PLAY:1**

Now audiophiles can see what the fuss is with music streaming: Sonos, the best system for playing music in every room of your house, gets even better with HD service Deezer. • Deezer: \$19.99/month; Sonos: \$199 each

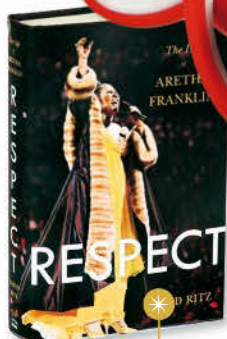


**POWERBEATS2
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HEADPHONES**

The world's most recognizable head-phone brand aims to transform your workout with wireless, sweat-resistant sports earbuds, designed with help from LeBron James. • \$200

**FENDER STRAT
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What better way to display your rock biographies than with these sleek bookends, made from the same material as Fender's guitars. • \$50



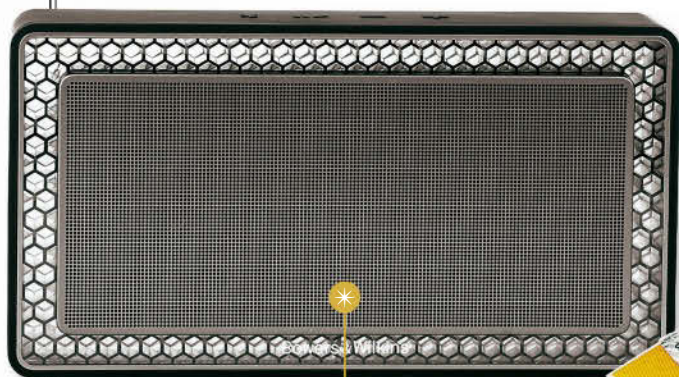
**'RESPECT:
THE LIFE OF
ARETHA FRANKLIN,'
BY DAVID RITZ**

Ritz wasn't satisfied with his ghostwritten 1999 autobiography of Aretha, so he wrote this new bio, a remarkably complex portrait of her music and her tumultuous life. • \$30



**BLUE MO-FI
HEADPHONES**

Thanks to a built-in amp, these cans have huge, crystal-clear sound to go with a futuristic look. And the plush ear cups and padded head strap make them surprisingly comfortable. • \$350



**BOWERS & WILKINS
T7 BLUETOOTH SPEAKER**

Audio leader B&W's first portable Bluetooth speaker features a battery that can last up to 18 hours on a single charge and clean, rich low-end to pump up your next picnic. • \$350

**THE BEATLES IN
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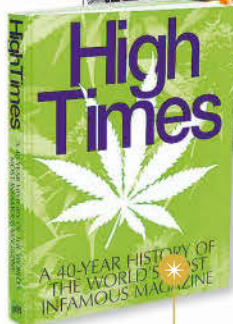
The Fab Four's music as it was meant to be heard - remastered from the original tapes and pressed onto 180-gram vinyl for the ultimate audiophile experience. • \$375





'MY RULES'

Photographer Glen E. Friedman captured a few golden ages: Dogtown and Z-Boys-era L.A. skaters, early hardcore punk and 1980s NYC hip-hop. This monster coffee-table book collects his greatest hits. • \$55

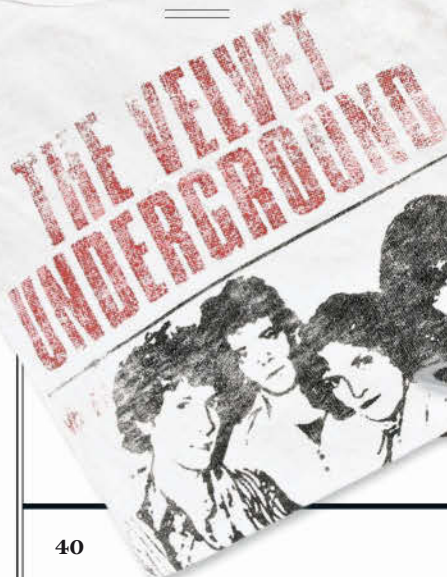


'HIGH TIMES: A 40-YEAR HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S MOST INFAMOUS MAGAZINE'

The original burner bible celebrates four decades with this jumbo-size history. We probably don't need to tell you this, but: Tommy Chong wrote the intro. • \$45

JUNK FOOD T-SHIRTS

We like that old Guns N' Roses T-shirt too, but if you're looking for other options, this L.A. company has put new life into the vintage rock-shirt game. • from \$36



BOB DYLAN AND THE BAND, 'THE BASEMENT TAPES COMPLETE'

Rambling, overlong, disjointed, essential: These six discs (plus essays and rare photos) are a must for any serious Dylan fan. • \$150



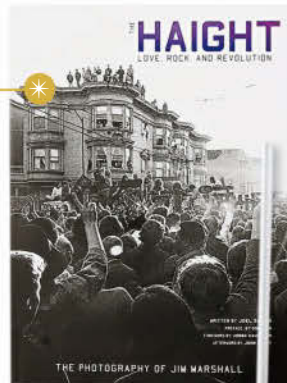
DEVIALET 120 AUDIO SYSTEM

This gorgeous integrated amp, digital-to-analog converter and wireless music streamer is perfect for the audiophile who's finally ready to kiss those vintage stereo components goodbye. • \$6,495



'THE HAIGHT: LOVE, ROCK, AND REVOLUTION'

Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix and Grace Slick are just a few of the players in this collection of the late, great Jim Marshall's photographs, which bear witness to San Francisco's psychedelic heyday. • \$50



MOOG THEREMINI

Perhaps no vintage synth-y instrument is cooler than the theremin, which makes sounds when you wave your hands at it. This reimagining is much easier to use than the original - thanks to pitch controls, you won't play a bum note. • \$319



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The Hot List — 2014 —

Hot It Girl Gigi Hadid

Gigi Hadid could be the new Paris Hilton – she's Cali-girl beautiful, heiress-rich, and all over pop culture, from *The Real Housewives of Beverly Hills* (where she appears alongside her mom), to a Miguel video, to runways around the globe. But while Paris is the girl you love to hate, the 19-year-old Palestinian-American is the girl you'll like to like. She's unassuming and well-rounded, studying criminal psychology at the New School in New York. "School is where I don't have to think about work," she says. CADY DRELL

HAIR BY SHUN ARIMA AT FRANK REPS. MAKEUP BY FARA HOMIDI AT FRANK REPS.

Photograph by THEO WENNER

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RollingStone.com | ROLLING STONE | 43

Lias Saoudi (front) leads the Family in New York.



Hot Train Wreck Fat White Family

The oft-naked, always offensive, wildest new live band in rock

FAT WHITE FAMILY HAVE A KNACK for turning questionable taste into excellent punk rock. The London boys brag to interviewers about their epic coke-huffing, write songs with titles like “Bomb Disneyland” and “Is It Raining in Your Mouth” (about

a blow job in a car), miss gigs because they’re too wasted, and play shows that are such roaring, unhinged bacchanals that their lead singer, Lias Saoudi, generally ends up stark-naked. “Sometimes y’feel like expressing yourself in that way,” he says. *Champagne Holocaust*, the Fat Whites’ low-fi debut, recalls vintage New York punk; in the video for “Cream of the Young,” the bandmates frolic with

dead animal parts and get sprayed with whipped cream by a man gyrating in lace thigh-high stockings. And their musical elders are taking notice. Sean Lennon had the guts to put the band up in New York for a couple of weeks earlier this year. “We were really moved,” Saoudi says. “I mean, we’re not the sort of band most people would invite to live in their house.”

WILL HERMES

Hot Bad Trip Frog Venom

Sear your skin, puke bile for half an hour, feel awesome later

AT BURNING MAN, AMERICA JUST found an exciting New Age way to get high: “kambo,” a.k.a. frog venom. A practitioner sings your arm or leg several times with the tip of a burning stick and dabs venom on the burns. As the drug makes its way into your lymphatic system, you vomit bile for about 30 minutes. Then it’s over. “Kambo is pretty miserable,” says Liam, an aya-

huasca aficionado. “Your body panics – temperature spikes, heart pounds, you feel bloated. I know people who say they feel like frogs on kambo.” What follows is a super-detox, which leaves you feeling clear-minded and tranquil. “With Western medicine or most recreational drugs, you take a pill and feel good, then bad later,” Liam says. “With jungle medicine, you feel bad in the moment and then amazing later.” Still, he’s not sure he’ll do it again. “There’s only so many kambo scar marks I want on my skin.”

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS



HOT COMEBACK SLEATER-KINNEY

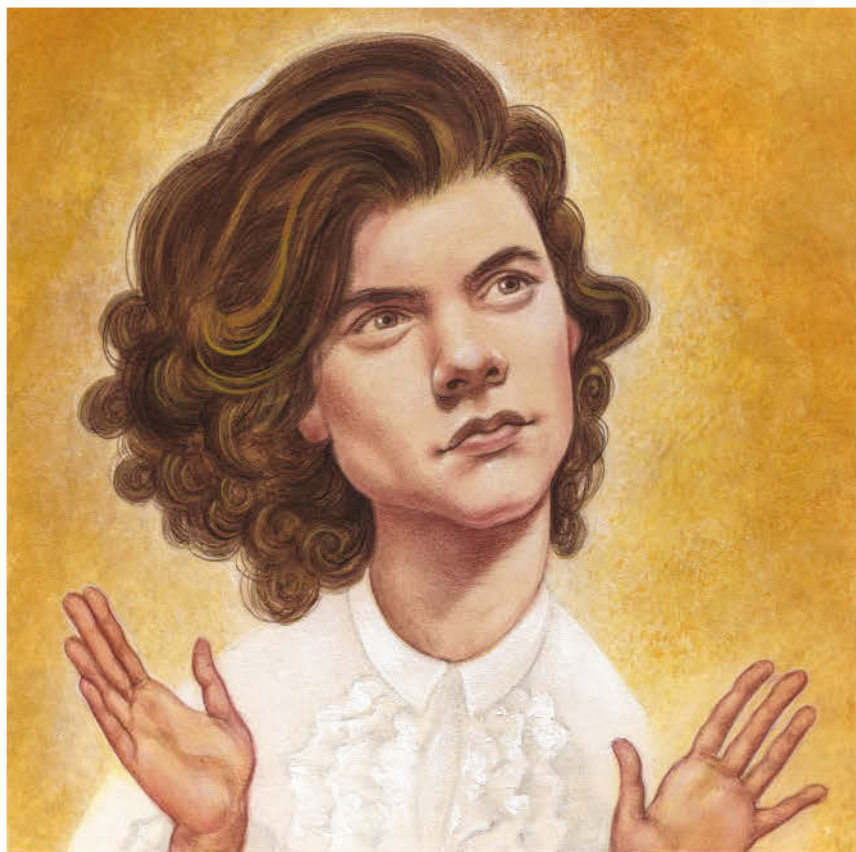
By St. Vincent

I’ve heard the new Sleater-Kinney album, *No Cities to Love* [their first in 10 years, due in January]. I think it’s my favorite record of theirs. Corin Tucker’s voice sounds so urgent, Carrie Brownstein’s guitar is super-guttural and acrobatic, and Janet Weiss slays the drums. The songs have so much heart. This is a crowning jewel in their legacy. It’s just powerful, heavy music.



BOTTOM, FROM LEFT: MARINA JAY/SHUTTERSTOCK; RENATA RAKSHA

HOT KISS WITHOUT THE MAKEUP **STEPHEN COLBERT** // HOT HEALTHCARE.GOV **FIRST LOOK MEDIA** //



Hot Golden Boy Harry Styles

The One Direction heartthrob is the center of the pop universe

IN 2014, HARRY STYLES IS MORE than a pop star. He's the place where pop dreams intersect. The One Direction heartthrob has turned into the beatific embodiment of all that glitters right now: A new paradigm of manhood. A pinup boy. A feminist icon. A 20-year-old pop prince with George Michael lyrics tattooed on his body – “never gonna” on his right foot, “dance again” on his left. A stud with four nipples, perfect mop-top hair and that James Dean daydream look in his eyes. This guy actually wore a Rush T-shirt while on a date with Taylor Swift – now that's some next-level confidence.

Harry fits every style of pop obsession, from filthy fan fiction to squeaky-clean teen dreams – the shiny and the sleazy, the romance and the raunch. When the world beheld photos of Harry puking his guts out by the side of the road in broad

daylight in Los Angeles, did that kill anyone's buzz? Ah, no. It just inspired people to turn the site into a fan shrine – and to try to sell his vomit on eBay. Harry's response? “It's worrying that this is the world we live in.” Sorry, dude, but when women are worshiping your yack puddle as magic angel chunks, you have entered a rarefied level of reality.

Harry's enthusiasm is the key to 1D's astonishing longevity. If he has any inner turmoil, he keeps it to himself. He remains a blank space (so to speak) on which we can project any style (so again to speak) of fantasy. He's inspired a new book: Anna Todd's *After*, a soft-porn novel that's already been touted as this year's *Fifty Shades of Grey*. It might be the first work of Harry Lit – but that depends on how you interpret Shakespeare's *Henry V*, which now also reads like soft-porn Harry fan-fic. (“Every wretch, pining and pale before/Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.”) In 2014, anything worthy of the name “hotness” is mixed up with him somehow. **ROB SHEFFIELD**

Hot Legion of Doom The NFL

Our brutal monoculture is only getting bigger

THINK THE NFL IS HUGE now? Wait a few years. It's going to make the monster of today look like college bowling. Here's a number for you: In September 2014, the same month commissioner Roger Goodell was being publicly shamed for his handling of the Ray Rice domestic-assault case, 58 million fans accessed content through the league's digital platforms, the largest single month in history and a 40 percent year-over-year increase. This fall, 26 of the 30 highest-rated shows on TV were NFL games.

A few years ago, Goodell set a goal of tripling the league's income from \$8.5 billion to \$25 billion – not bad for a nonprofit. They'll do it through licensing and sponsorship deals, increased stadium revenue, new TV contracts and the creation of their own digital-video service. Another expanding frontier is fantasy football, which the image-conscious league has traditionally kept at arm's

length due to its associations with gambling. Now it hopes to monopolize the fantasy market via exclusive highlights. And you can already see the stats-driven fantasy mentality in the NFL's RedZone Channel, which flickers from game to game without a single commercial to kill your ADD buzz. One of the league's top executives even has a creepy catchphrase for its Orwellian vision: “NFL Everywhere.” With that on the line, what's a little brutality and scandal? “NFL has become such a big business, such a corporate business,” former Minnesota Vikings punter and NFL dissident Chris Kluwe said recently, “they don't want anyone talking about anything that's not football.” **MICHAEL WEINREB**



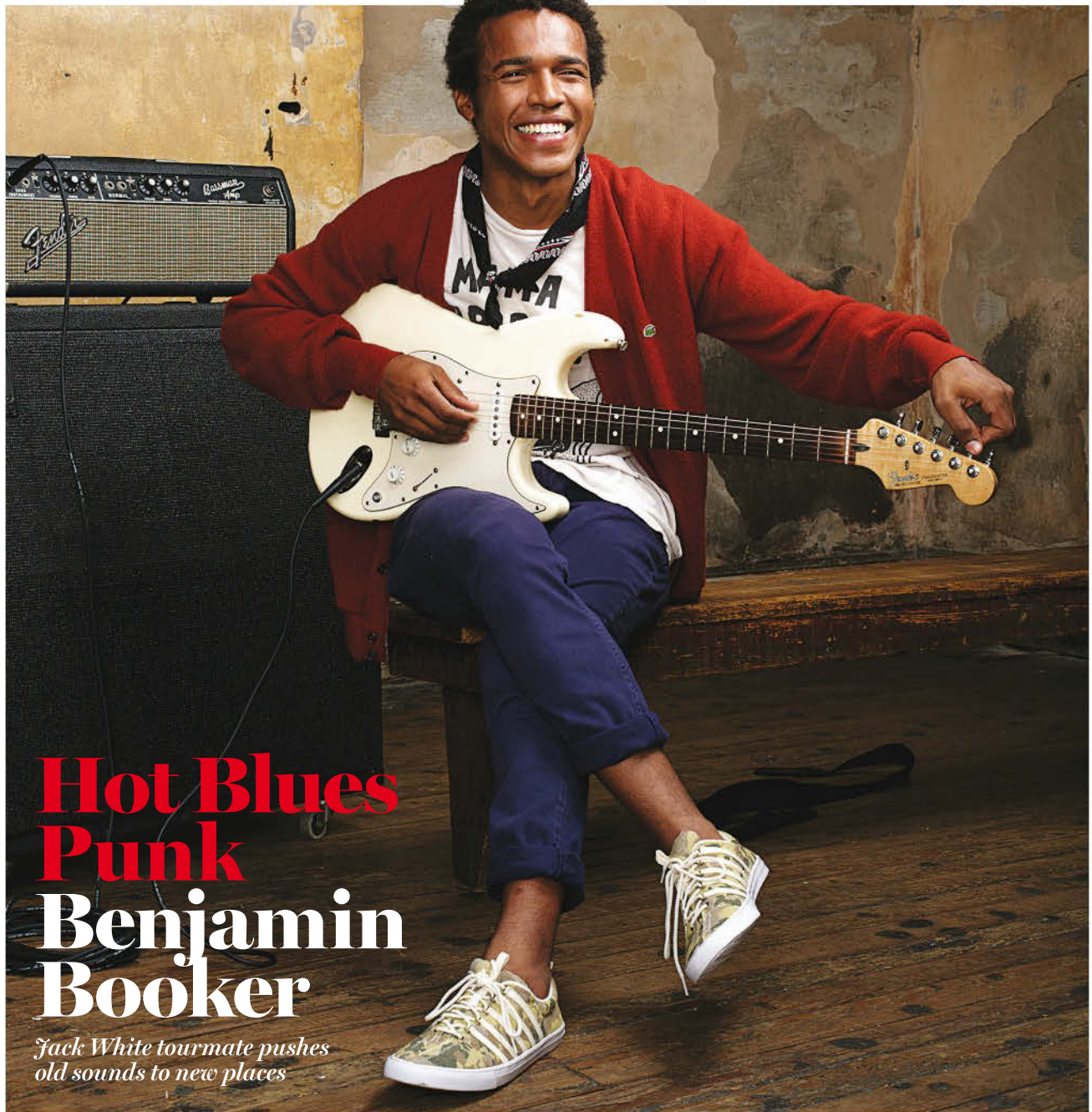
Roger Goodell

RIGHT: JOHN MINCHILLO/AP IMAGES

HOT GRAMPA SIMPSON **JACK WHITE** // HOT IT'S STARTING TO GET OLD **SURPRISE ALBUM RELEASES**

Illustration by ANITA KUNZ

RollingStone.com | ROLLING STONE | 45



Hot Blues Punk Benjamin Booker

Jack White tourmate pushes old sounds to new places

BENJAMIN BOOKER HAS played to the biggest crowds of his life in the past few months, but not necessarily the kinds he wants. Recently, the singer-songwriter, 25, noted unwelcome attendees dotting his audiences: “Homophobes and frat guys that come to the show to drink and catcall at girls.” So at a recent Nashville show, after touring the country with Jack White, Booker wore a dress he borrowed from the wardrobe closet at White’s Third Man Records. “We were in the Bible Belt, so I thought

I would fuck with people,” he says. “My mom didn’t talk to me for two weeks after.”

Booker knew he would hit a nerve: He grew up in Tampa, Florida, accompanying his family to daily megachurch services. He stopped attending around age 15, around the time he got his first guitar and learned to play Nirvana’s entire catalog. “*Bleach* was my record,” he says.

After graduating from the University of Florida with a journalism degree, Booker went through a “self-destructive period.” He credits the gospel of Mahalia Jackson and Sister Rosetta Tharpe with getting

him through it – and shaping his sound. “I saw myself playing blues and gospel melodies over punk guitars,” he says.

Booker moved to New Orleans to join AmeriCorps, building homes and fixing schools while living off food stamps. In 2013, before even playing a show, he signed with ATO after the label discovered online demos he recorded in his parents’ bathroom. Soon, he was touring with White and playing Lollapalooza. “When we did *Letterman*, I peed 15 times before we went on,” he says. “I was not planning on doing this. It’s happened so fast.”

PATRICK DOYLE

DAYMON GARDNER

HOT SON OF ANARCHY **RAND PAUL** // HOT WALKING DEAD **BARACK OBAMA** // HOT ‘LOUIE’ **‘TOP FIVE’**



Hot Tennis Hope Francis Tiafoe

Jay Z's favorite player might just save the American game

TENNIS PRODIGIES LOVE TO talk about how they grew up on the court. Sixteen-year-old budding superstar Francis Tiafoe grew up at the court, literally. His dad, a native of Sierra Leone, was a maintenance worker at Junior Tennis Champions Center in College Park, Maryland, raising his twin boys in a 120-square-foot room at the facility and letting them follow him around as he emptied trash cans and hauled sacks of clay to resurface the courts. Today, Tiafoe is

a full-blown phenom: Jay Z's Roc Nation is pressing to rep him (Hov recently gave Tiafoe the in-person hard sell backstage at a Baltimore stadium gig), and many are hoping he'll end the 11-year drought since the last time an American male won a major tournament. "I kind of thrive off it," Tiafoe says. "I know that if I just work hard and stay humble, I'll win a Grand Slam." This year, he's graduating from junior events to Futures and Challenger tourneys, a minor-league proving ground. "American tennis needs a guy like him," says his coach, Misha Kouznetsov. "It's been a long time since an American man played under the lights in a final at the U.S. Open."

JESSE HYDE

Hot Awkward Teen Tina Belcher

The 'Bob's Burgers' star makes awkwardness seem awesome

SHE HAS SEXUAL FANTASIES about zombies, she writes brilliant "erotic friend fiction," she's got more crushes than Eskimos got words for snow, she's the most lovable sitcom geek since Arnold Horshack and the most compelling TV heroine since Liz Lemon — she's Tina Belcher, the 13-year-old butt- and boy-obsessed star of *Bob's Burgers*. Tina fires off lines like "If we see any mermaids, I'm gonna ask them where their merginas are" and "My heart just pooped its pants." *Bitch* magazine called Tina's four-season run a "Sexual Revolution," and they're right on the nose, especially in how she owns her proudly geeky horn-dog urges. Tina is voiced by comedian Dan Mintz, and originally the character was written as a boy. But when Fox asked for a change, the writers realized they had something universal anyway — "a character that's well-rounded," says the show's creator, Loren Bouchard, "and fun to root for."

CADY DRELL



Hot Music Biz Takeover John Janick

Why Interscope Records' young boss still believes in rock & roll

IN HIS LAST YEARS AT INTERSCOPE Records, the world's biggest label, founder-CEO Jimmy Iovine had doubts about rock's commercial viability — which is presumably why, say, Chris Cornell recorded with Timbaland. But Iovine's handpicked successor, John Janick, is a rock guy: He started the punk indie label Fueled by Ramen 18 years ago in a University of Florida



dorm room. "If you find something exciting," says Janick, 36, who championed fun in his last job, "rock will do great." At the same time, he emphasizes his comfort with pop and hip-hop — Kendrick Lamar, for instance, is a top priority. "It's about loving all kinds of music and just understanding people," he says. He's intent on following artists' leads, even if a Lana Del Rey delivers a good but radio-unfriendly LP: "I want to find acts with a strong point of view and amplify their vision out to the world."

BRIAN HIATT

HOT SADLY BETTER THAN THE MOVIE **THE 'INHERENT VICE' TRAILER** // HOT OLBERMANN **BILL SIMMONS**

Hot Political Strategy Ignore Public Opinion

Common sense would suggest that you win elections by getting behind issues that have broad public support. But the GOP took back the Senate by doing the opposite. The state of American politics, in one brief chart *By Tim Dickinson*

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT...	%	CONGRESS' ATTEMPT TO ADDRESS THE ISSUE	WHAT THEY DID TO MAKE THINGS WORSE	HOW THE GOP SPUN IT
An end to government subsidies for oil, gas and coal companies	62	Sen. Robert Menendez, D-N.J., sponsored a bill to cut \$24 billion in subsidies for Big Oil. Despite majority support, it was blocked by a GOP filibuster.	Under pressure from the Senate's "drill, baby, drill" caucus, 80 million acres of the Gulf of Mexico were auctioned off to oil and gas companies.	"Frankly, I can't think of a better way to illustrate how completely out of touch [Democrats] are on this issue," said Sen. Mitch McConnell, R-Ky.
To raise the national minimum wage to \$10.10 an hour	70	In April, the Senate voted 54-42 to set the wage at \$10.10 – but the bill was thwarted by a filibuster.	In a blow to low-income Americans, the House GOP denied expanding benefits to the long-term unemployed, kicking millions off the rolls.	A Koch brothers operative said a higher minimum wage would deprive poor Americans of an "opportunity for earned success" and lead to fascism.
A path to citizenship for undocumented immigrants	68	The Senate passed a comprehensive immigration-reform bill in June 2013, 68-32, with 14 Republican votes.	Knowing it would pass, House Speaker John Boehner, R-Ohio, refused to allow a vote on a companion bill.	"I guarantee you, the American people are not interested in... granting amnesty to millions of people who are here illegally," said Sen. Ted Cruz, R-Texas.
Background checks for all gun purchases	92	Four months after the Newtown massacre, a bill to mandate background checks won Senate support 54-46; it failed to overcome a GOP filibuster.	The Senate got more votes for a bill that made concealed-carry permits valid across state lines, meaning a Kansan could pack heat on the streets of New York.	"President Obama's politically driven solutions to gun violence could not withstand scrutiny from the American people," said Sen. Lindsey Graham, R-S.C.
Student-loan interest set at 3.4% or lower	83	Sen. Elizabeth Warren, D-Mass., proposed a bill to grant college loans at the same near-zero rate the Fed charges Wall Street. It died in committee.	Congress passed a bill that has raised new student-loan rates to 4.66% – ensuring a federal profit of \$127 billion over the next decade.	"I'm pleased that Senate Democrats finally joined Republicans to provide a market-based solution on student loans," said Rep. Boehner.
The "Buffett Rule" – a 30% minimum tax rate for millionaires	71	Another victim of the filibuster: a Sen. Warren-sponsored bill to allow the refinancing of student-loan debt – paid for by the Buffett Rule.	The House GOP passed the Ryan budget, which offered millionaires an average \$200,000 tax cut.	Claiming Warren's legislation "ignores the concerns of our constituents," Sen. McConnell said that "the Hard Left is clearly in the driver's seat."
No cuts to food stamps	70	Democrats torpedoed a GOP attempt to sneak \$20.5 billion in food stamp cuts into last year's Farm Bill.	The Farm Bill that eventually passed contained \$8 billion in food stamp cuts.	Sen. Mike Lee, R-Utah, an advocate of the larger cuts, called the compromise "collusion between both parties against the American people."
Both parties working together to improve the Affordable Care Act	64	Sen. Mary Landrieu, D-La., proposed a bill that let consumers who might lose their health insurance keep their old plans.	Rather than support fixes like Landrieu's, House Republicans voted nearly 60 times to nix all or part of Obamacare.	"I commend House leadership for listening to the American people," said Sen. Cruz just before the GOP's 42nd anti-ACA vote. "They did their job."

HOT TIME IS A FLAT CIRCLE **NICK JONAS' COMEBACK** // // // HOT BUT NOT THAT FLAT **'OSBOURNES' REBOOT**

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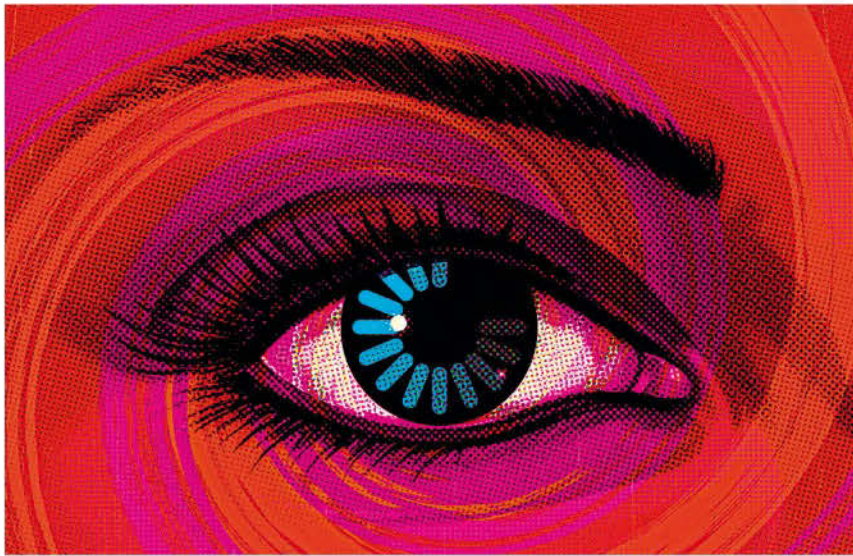


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Hot Manhattan Project Magic Leap

Tech device has half a billion in funds and could change everything. So what is it?

RONY ABOVITZ HAS A TOUGH time discussing his experimental start-up Magic Leap, which has been the talk of the tech-obsessed since Google and a handful of other investors pumped \$542 million into its coffers in October. Magic Leap's website offers scant clarification: It opens on a fanciful video – a child's closed palms parting to reveal a levitating miniature elephant – and contains tantalizingly vague copy about a “Dynamic Digitized Lightfield Signal.” The *MIT Technology Review* tried to parse Magic Leap's patent filings, but its conclusions were conjectural. “It might be easier for me to tell you what we're not,” Abovitz says, assenting to a rare interview from his South Florida headquarters. In part, he wants to protect trade secrets; in part, he's being a showman: “We're a company that reads like a science-fiction movie unfolding into the real world. We figured we should treat it as such.”

The rough pitch is that Magic Leap has devised and prototyped a radical new virtual-reality device – so radical that Abovitz flat-out rejects the phrase virtual reality: “The commonplace understanding of VR is a stereoscopic display you wear on your head” – think Oculus Rift, Sony's

Project Morpheus – “which is basically an idea that goes back to the 1800s.”

With Magic Leap, the approach is different. “I can drop this much,” says Abovitz. “The display with which we see the world is built into us – everyone already has it in their heads, and it's the most amazing display ever made.” With this in mind, Abovitz – a sci-fi geek and self-described “liberal-arts punk” with a background in both cartooning and biomedical engineering – developed a noninvasive, nonsurgical way to essentially hack into the mechanics of perception itself. “If you see something with Magic Leap, it is visually, neurologically there,” he says. “The first millisecond you see the digital bird flying around the room, your brain goes, ‘It's there.’”

The potential applications for such technology are vast: It could change entertainment (one of Abovitz's board members is Richard Taylor, the special-effects wizard behind the *Lord of the Rings* and *Hobbit* movies); personal computing (goodbye, monitors); and even medical practice (Abovitz's previous company, MAKO, mashed together robotics, artificial intelligence and surgery). All of which can start sounding a bit dystopian, but what fascinates Abovitz at bottom, he says, “is this marriage of how people and machines can work together. The biggest insight I've had is that tech run amok is scary and not good. Machines plus AI: It's *Terminator*. You can't say, ‘Let's sit back and let technology do what it will.’ We should try and bend it to us.” **JONAH WEINER**

Hot Poet Patricia Lockwood

The ‘crazy person’ shaking up the world of verse

PATRICK LOCKWOOD'S “Rape Joke” begins with a thunderclap: “The rape joke is that you were 19 years old.” Based on her own experience, the unsettling, ferocious poem, collected in her book *Motherland Fatherland Homelandsexuals*, made Lockwood a brash literary star. Now, living in Lawrence, Kansas, she is celebrating at literary festivals while killing it on Twitter with absurdist riffs on everything from Garfield to Phil Collins. (“The only acceptable sex rhythm is the drum break from ‘In the Air Tonight.’”) Next up, Lockwood – whose father was a naval-seaman-turned-priest and who writes poignantly about a brother who served in Iraq and Afghanistan – will write a memoir. A pop star in a highbrow world unaccustomed to celebrity, she says she is prepared for a backlash. “In poetry, gatekeepers like it better when you move along well-known channels,” she says. “They get anxiety if a crazy person like me comes in.” **LOGAN HILL**



HOT FUTURE-POP GRIMES

**By Jack Antonoff
OF BLEACHERS**

If someone was like, “Tell me what Grimes sounds like,” you couldn't – she's a mystical nonhuman creature. I worked with her on the Bleachers record and I love her new single “Go.” In the post-chorus, when all that percussion comes in, I just die. You think, “Fuck, how does that sound so new and brilliant?”



RIGHT, FROM TOP: GREG HOAX; DANIEL SILBERT

HOT MICHELLE OBAMA'S ARMS MITCH MCCONNELL'S WATTLE // HOT WHITE PRIVILEGE COLIN JOST //

Hot Actor Miles Teller

The easygoing, beer-chugging star of 'Whiplash' wants to become the next De Niro

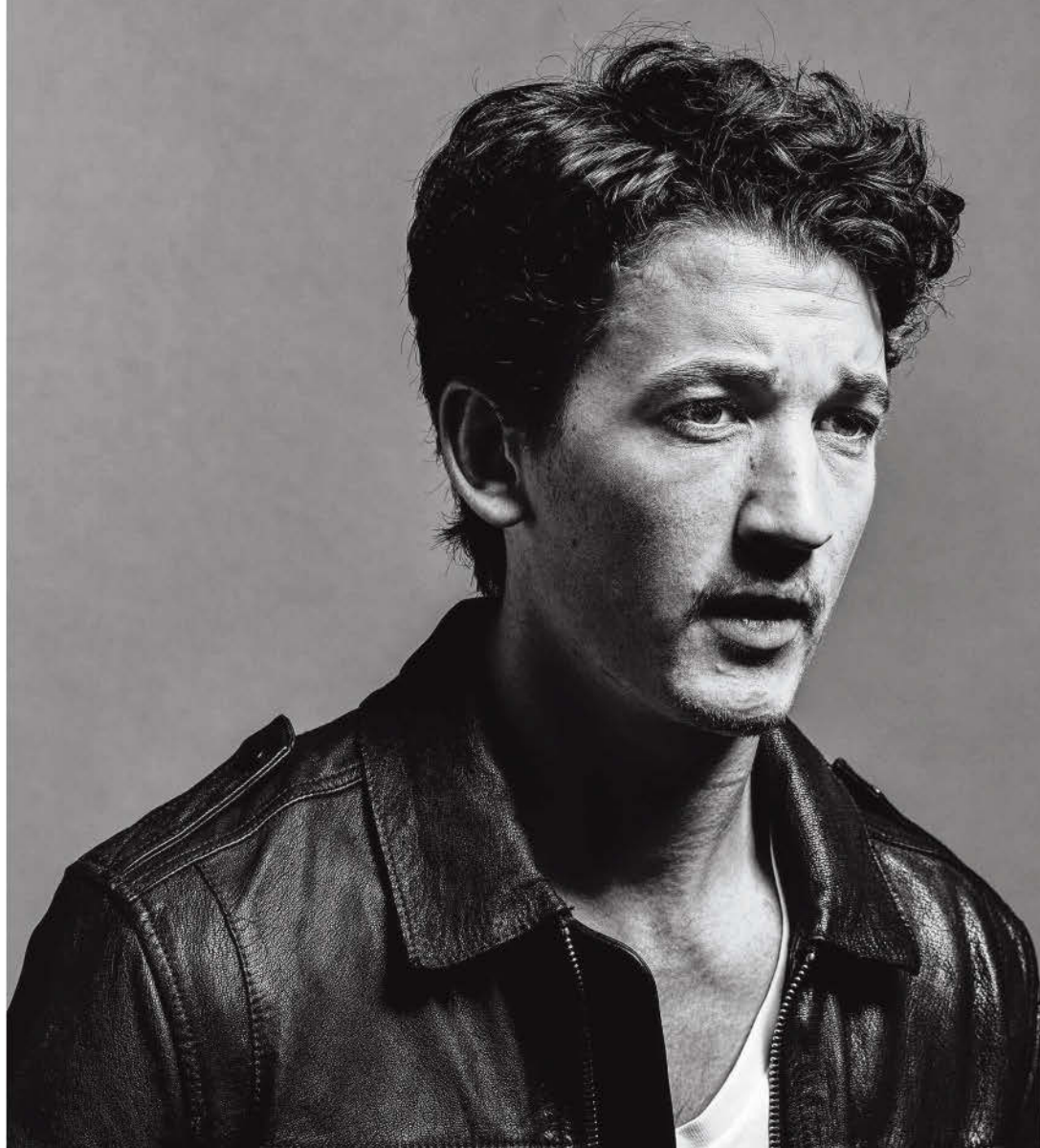
TUSED TO BUY WEED RIGHT there," says actor Miles Teller, pointing cheerfully down a street in New York's East Village one recent Sunday afternoon. Teller, 27, is in town for a screening of his new movie, *Whiplash*, but that's not until later tonight, after a dinner that he'll probably skip in favor of lounging around his room in the Bowery Hotel, watching football and "laying on my girlfriend's ass." Until then, he has decided to amble around his old NYU stomp-

ing ground and ponder his past. He points out the dorm of a girl he once dated ("It was one of the few where you could have your own bedroom – a big perk, obviously"), then stops in front of a theater where the sign out front broadcasts the title of his not-so-romantic romantic comedy. "Hey! *Two Night Stand* is playing there! It's only in five theaters in the whole country, so..." He snaps a picture of the marquee.

On the surface, Teller seems like the sort of guy for whom only five theaters would be totally fine and excellent. Tromp-

ing down the sidewalk, he exudes the easygoing dudeness for which he has typically been cast – a high-fiving, wisecracking bro who can charm his way out of mischief of his own making. But looks deceive: Teller is quick to explain that the one thing he shares with his character in *Whiplash* is a keening ambition. "I want to be talked about the way people talk about Hoffman and De Niro and Pacino," he says.

Written and directed by Damien Chazelle and shot in only 19 days, *Whiplash* takes place at a fictitious [Cont. on 52]



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HOT LOU REED **TAYLOR SWIFT** // HOT RIGHT-WING FREAK ZONE **JOE PISCOPO'S NEW TALK SHOW** //

MILES TELLER

[Cont. from 51] Juilliard where a teacher played by J.K. Simmons inspires fear and genius, in that order. In preparation for his role, Teller, whose musical skills pretty much amounted to jamming around with his roommates (“I mean, I could very well be in a Bob Seger cover band”), submitted himself to a drum regimen almost as intense as his character’s. “I would have felt like such a douchebag if I was doing this movie and couldn’t drum,” he says. “When I first started bleeding on the drumstick, I felt validity.”

“I want to be talked about the way people talk about Hoffman, De Niro and Pacino.”

But more than that, Teller plays against type, transforming that easy-going dudeness cultivated in Citrus County, Florida – where he grew up the doted-on youngest child of an incredibly normal-sounding family, was class president, homecoming king, a talented beer thief and “the kid people always wanted to get high” – into the tortured artist that he admits he’s never had to be. The movie won both the Grand Jury Prize and Audience Award at Sundance.

Teller will now get a stab at playing an adult lead in four of his next films, including a *Fantastic Four* prequel in which he plays none other than Mr. Fantastic himself. He’ll be in Chazelle’s next offering, and in November he starts shooting *Bleed for This*, a Scorsese-produced biopic about the boxer Vinny Pazienza, for which he has dropped 20 pounds and trained obsessively. “You first meet him, and he seems like someone who would be just content to party every day,” Chazelle tells me. “But then you realize just how competitive Miles is. He reminds me a lot of Robert Mitchum or Brando – the older-era actors famous for playing anti-heroes. You just can’t help but watch him.”

Which means that Teller now has scant time for boozing, for toking, for lying around on his girlfriend’s ass. “I want to take on more demanding roles,” he says, lumbering forward. “You’ve just got to pick your spots to be hungover, I guess.”

ALEX MORRIS



Hot Chameleon

FKA Twigs

U.K. art-pop star is much more than meets the eye

APPPEARANCES CAN BE DECEIVING when it comes to FKA Twigs. “I look like an anime character, but inside, I feel like a warrior,” says the 25-year-old British singer-producer-dancer (real name: Tahliah Barnett), whose *LPI* is one of the year’s most compelling debuts. The album, which made the Top 30 of *Billboard*’s sales chart in August, is a dark, seductive study in contrasts, pushing her breathy vocals up against provocative lyrics and jarring, bleeding-edge beats. “I love things that are harsh, and things that are too loud,” Twigs says with a sly smile. “And I love lulling people into a false sense of security.”

Born in rural Gloucestershire, she moved to London at 17 to work as a backup dancer in music videos for stars like Ed Sheeran and Jessie J. “As more time goes on, I realize how much I hated it,” she says. Her own career took off after she met an A&R rep from Young Turks, the label that launched The xx, at a bondage party; a pair of EPs in 2012 and 2013 made her a cult favorite. But Twigs – who recently made her national television debut with a must-see *Tonight Show* performance of her single “Two Weeks” – says she’s deeply ambivalent about her new fame. “I’m not thirsty,” she says. “I don’t want to reign over all forever.” That’s especially true now that her relationship with actor Robert Pattinson has made her a tabloid item. Adds Twigs, “I’m happiest when I’m in the studio, not on a beauty parade.”

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON

DIMA HOHLOV

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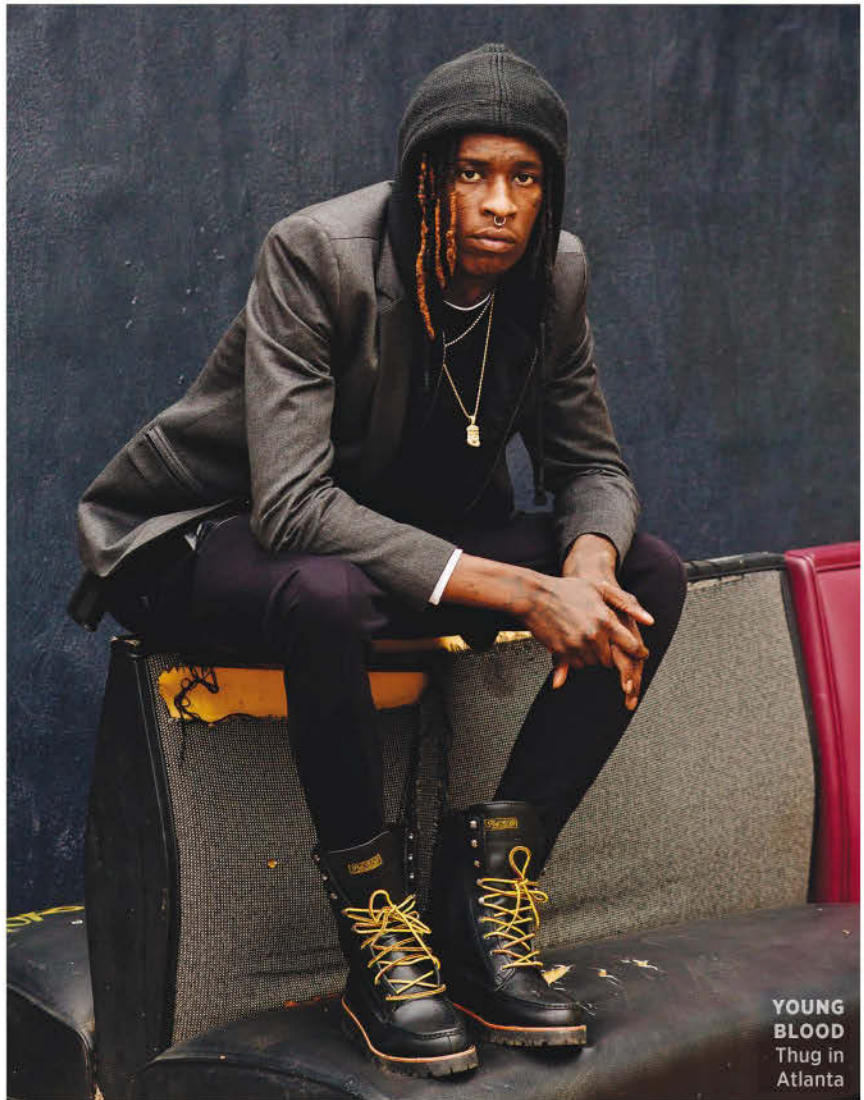
Hot Rapper Young Thug

Meet hip-hop's new crown prince: A perma-stoned oddball from Atlanta with a co-sign from Kanye

YOUNG THUG CAN'T STOP laughing. Just after midnight in a bunkerlike studio in midtown Atlanta, two or three dozen dudes mill around under bright-red lights, many of them flagrantly disregarding the posted rules prohibiting smoking and guns inside the building. At the center of the party stands the 23-year-old star whose expensive new video is looping on a screen overhead: six feet three, ridiculously skinny, blond dreads pulled back in a bun, black T-shirt matching his skintight jeans. Thug sips codeine-laced soda from a Styrofoam cup and puffs on a blunt as he dances to his own lyrics. Every few minutes, something new sends him into hysterics.

It could be virtually anything: a whispered comment from a friend, a random selfie as he scrolls through Instagram on his iPhone, or an event as mundane as the studio's engineer taking a bathroom break. "Ooh, he probably has to piss like a racehorse!" Thug says, throwing his head back and cackling like a stoned pterodactyl. He leans on a bystander's arm for support, then collapses to his knees, literally rolling on the floor in a wild fit of giggles. "I'm loving it," he says when he catches his breath, shaking his head and grinning. "Who wouldn't want to be me right now?"

Over the past year, Thug has rapidly emerged as the most exciting new voice in hip-hop – maybe in all of pop music. His approach to rhyming is uniquely weird, blowing past meaning into a realm of pure nonsense and gleeful vulgarity. Even when you can't understand a word he's slurring, the energy is irresistible. A hero to the Southern street-rap scene, Thug is also transgressive enough to rock a leopard-print dress in photos and pop-savvy enough to score a Top 20 hit with this summer's "Lifestyle." Kanye West, a fan, recently flew Thug out to his home to work on new music. "He looks to me like an animal locked in a cage, ready to eat the world up," says Birdman, the mogul who made Lil Wayne, Drake and Nicki Minaj into household names, and who hopes to do the same with Thug. "Without a doubt, he's going to be a superstar. He's special."



YOUNG BLOOD
Thug in Atlanta

The next day around 2 p.m., Thug is hanging out in the studio's rec room/lounge with his girlfriend in one arm and a bag of Funyons in the other hand. He's in an entirely new outfit – gray long-sleeved shirt studded with colorful sequins, white Versace beanie – except for the socks, which are the same black ones with turquoise spots that he had on last night. Thug explains that he crashed at the studio, as he often does: "I never leave," he says in a thick, sedated-sounding drawl. "All day, every day, every second. Gotta keep the money coming in."

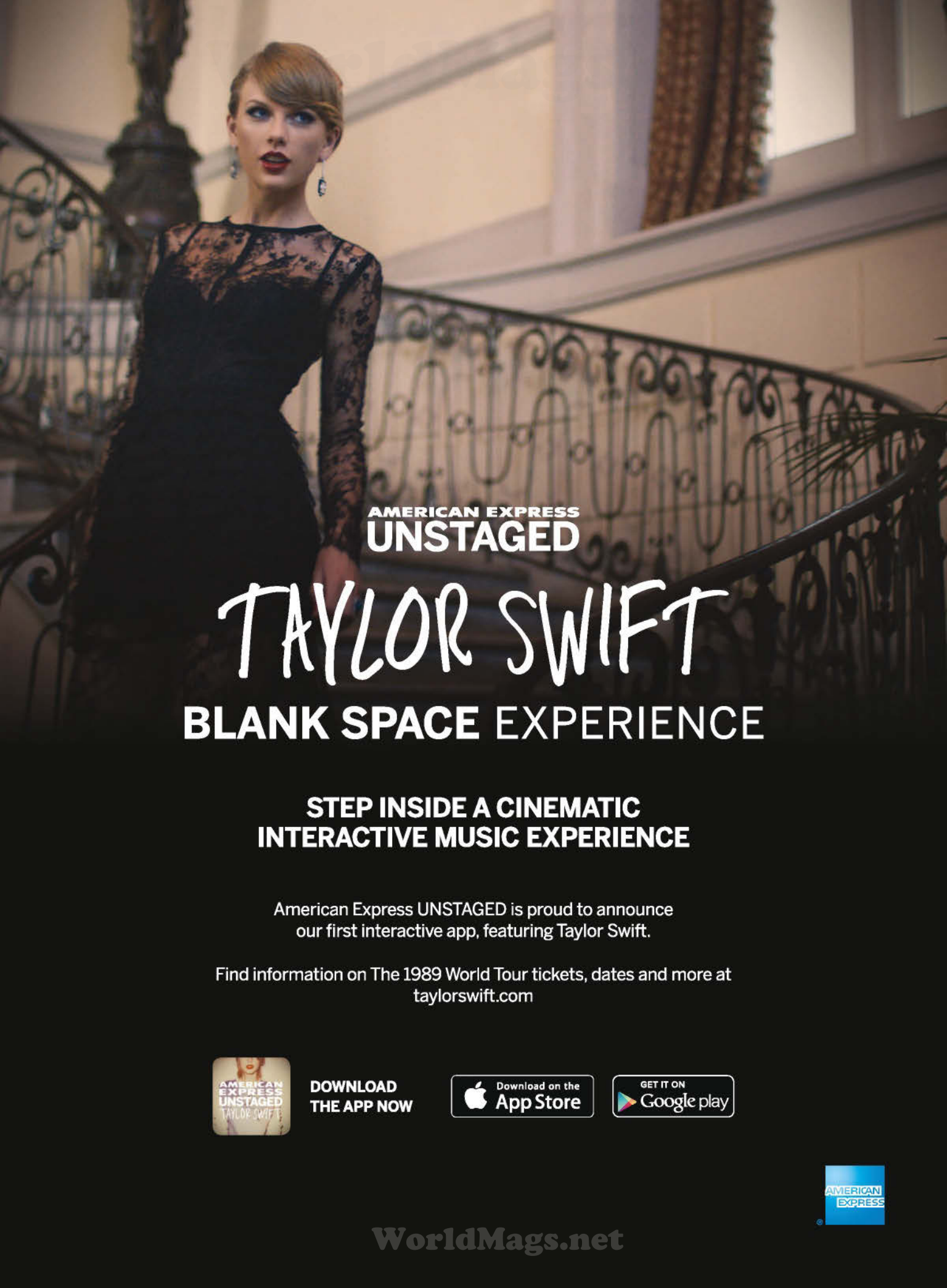
Growing up, the rapper (real name: Jeffrey Williams) was one of 11 siblings living with their parents in a housing project that was later demolished by the city.

One of his brothers is currently doing time for murder, and another was shot to death when Thug was in elementary school. "I was in the streets at eight, nine years old," Thug says. "I was going to school so my dad and mom would keep buying me clothes, but when I got out I did what I wanted to do – fighting, all kinds of shit."

A few years later, after a dispute over Thug's classroom antics turned physical, he got kicked out of middle school. "I broke my teacher's arm," he says matter-of-factly. "Took his ass out. Pussy-ass nigga." He spent the next four years in a harsh juvenile-detention program. "Seven in the morning to six in the afternoon," he says. "No windows or nothing, like a real jail. Lot of punishment. I [Cont. on 58]

KENDRICK BRINSON

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YOUNG THUG

[Cont. from 56] didn't do shit there but gamble, smoke and fuck."

Somewhere along the way, he figured out that he had a seriously marketable skill. "Anyone can rap if you've got brains," Thug says. "So I just went with it." He released his first mixtape in 2011, and by last year, he was a major regional star.

As the afternoon rolls on, a few of Thug's friends come by the studio to shoot some pool and get high. One of them casually drops a handgun on the pool table. By 8 p.m., the party is back in full swing. Birdman has showed up wearing a sweater with his face on it, and one of his bodyguards is walking around with an assault rifle. Thug, meanwhile, is back in the studio's smoke-filled control room, bouncing his toddler-age daughter on his knee, listening to instrumentals, looking bored.

Inspiration strikes after an hour or so: Thug vanishes into a vocal booth and starts improvising rhymes over a woozy bass line, lapsing into melodic



Thug with Birdman in October

gibberish when the words aren't there yet. As his lyrics start to take form, he repeats key phrases in minutely differing intonations: "Born in '91, 23 years old with a whole lotta stank... whole lotta stank..." His engineer cuts and pastes the strongest version of each bar into a tight verse, and within an hour, an eerily menacing new Young Thug song has been born. "It's magic when you see him do what he does," Birdman says.

It's getting late when a pair of somber-faced jewelers come by with a delivery of custom gold diamond-encrusted chains, rings, earrings and bracelets. Thug quickly divvies up the haul with Birdman and turns back to the party. "Did you hear that marijuana can prevent Ebola?" someone says loudly. Thug lights another blunt and smiles.

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON

Hot Teen Activist Joshua Wong

Meet the 18-year-old face of Hong Kong's Occupy movement

THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN in the world's fastest-growing country might be a scrawny college freshman. Joshua Wong, who was surrounded by thousands of pro-democracy activists when he turned 18 in October, is the reluctant public face of Hong Kong's jubilant Occupy movement. Now in its eighth week, Occupy Central is demanding open elections in the semi-autonomous city, without interference from the Chinese government. "Many citizens have said to me, 'Hong Kong relies on you,' and some even called me a hero," Wong posted on Facebook. "I feel uncomfortable and even irritated when I hear this praise."

Born a year before Britain returned Hong Kong to China, Wong was barely into his teens when he founded Scholarism, which brought 120,000 students into the streets in 2012 to successfully protest a national curriculum that glossed over the savagery of the Cultural Revolution and 1989's Tiananmen Square massacre. "We wanted to show that students are also civic members of society," Wong said. Now, he's on a knife-edge with the Chinese

government, which announced in August it would vet all candidates for Hong Kong's top post. In September, he was arrested at a protest where students cowered under umbrellas as they were tear-gassed by police. (The event inspired a video game, *Yellow Umbrella*, featuring Wong.) Meanwhile, Wong remains on message. "I'm optimistic Hong Kong will achieve universal suffrage," he says, "no matter the attitude of Beijing."

COCO MCPHERSON



Wong at a protest in Hong Kong in October

Hot Scary Tech DIY Drones

A future of cheap flying robots is pretty much already here

AVIATION REGULATORS AREN'T ready, and society hasn't figured out how it feels about skies full of tiny robots. But the era of home-made drones is already upon us. Today, you can buy all the ingredients to make your own drone at an online electronics retailer for \$300. Or you can buy one from the big-three "ready to fly" consumer drone makers — China's DJI, France's Parrot and the U.S.'s 3D Robotics. "We can't make them fast enough," says 3D Robotics CEO Chris Anderson, who pegs the worldwide drone market at about 500,000 per year.

Uses for the DIY drones range from

benign (flying bottles of beer from a beach house to the beach) to creepy (a paparazzi used a drone to shoot Tina Turner's wedding last year). So far, the FAA hasn't passed any regulations, but the feeling in the drone world is that the eventual guidelines won't be too restrictive.

If so, all bets are off. Soon, each of us could be using drones to watch our kids walk home from school, patrol our backyards for intruders, or even fight back against the drones that will surely be spying on us. According to Eric Maloney, head of production at Drone Dudes (which does drone-based camera work for film and TV), putting cheap law-abiding drones in "the hands of the masses is going to be world-changing."



The IRIS+ drone by 3D Robotics

ANDREW LEONARD

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Let's
Go
Places



Hot Philip Morris The Marley Family

Reggae icon's kin make a play to corner the cannabis industry

BOB MARLEY IS THE SPIRITUAL and musical godfather of Pothead Nation. Now, his family is taking his legend to the bank with a new line of weed-related products marketed under the Marley banner.

"They're really special because they're inspired by our father," says Marley's eldest daughter, Cedella. "We'll be offering heirloom strains from Jamaica, inspired by strains he liked to smoke, topicals that contain hemp, herb extracts, island botanicals and some accessories."

The brand is the fruit of a partnership between the Marleys and Privateer Holdings,

a Seattle-based private-equity company that invests exclusively in the nascent cannabis industry. Initial plans are for the Marley Natural line to be sold in Canada, where medical marijuana is legal, but expansion into the U.S. is likely at some point in the future. "We see this as the world's first global cannabis brand," says Marley Natural general manager Tahira Rehmatullah.

The Marley family has occasionally been criticized for licensing its name to products including coffee, headphones and a resort in the Bahamas, but this endeavor felt like an easy fit.

"We need to be front-runners in the use of cannabis," says Stephen Marley. "If my father were alive, I know he would be a big part of this movement."

DAVID PEISNER

HOT TV SHOW TRANSPARENT

By Ilana Glazer and Abbi Jacobson of *Broad City*

GLAZER: I recently got lost in *Transparent*, which is a show about a father in his seventies who transitions to become a woman. You can tell these characters are based on real people because the show *feels* so real.

There's some dark comedy to it, but the show has also been making me weep – like, I've been crying way more than usual. The way *Transparent* uses flashback is unfucking-believable, and every single detail, right down to the fashion choices, is spot-on. When Jeffrey Tambor plays Mort, he's kind of a weird dude. When he plays Maura, he acts normal, comfortable. I love that. When does Season Two come out? I want it now.



JACOBSON: I'm a huge fan of [*Transparent* creator] Jill Soloway, because she wrote for *Six Feet Under*, which is my favorite show ever.

The casting is great on *Transparent* – I love the butch lesbian played by Melora Hardin. She's such a dick! I couldn't believe it when I found out she's the same woman who played Jan on *The Office*.



Hot Minor Leagues Indie Science-Fiction Movies

Directing low-budget sci-fi is the way to get your ticket punched

NEED SOMEONE TO DIRECT YOUR next blockbuster? Look to the indie world. Studios have been bypassing A-list directors and combing the sci-fi underground for talent. When it was time to update *Godzilla* last year, Warner Bros. chose Gareth Edwards, whose ingenious take on the giant-creatures genre, *Monsters*, was made

for \$500,000. Disney hired J.J. Abrams for the *Star Wars* reboot, but handed the next two films in the series to Rian Johnson (*Looper*) and Josh Trank (*Chronicle*). After his micro-budget mind-twister *Coherence* got huge buzz, director James Ward Byrkit said he "had many offers to remake the film as a bigger-budget cash grab."



And by pilfering James Gunn from the minors, Marvel got *Guardians of the Galaxy*, a funky combo of space opera and superhero flick – and the third-highest-grossing Marvel movie ever. "The industry can't keep churning out the same *Transformers* films," Gunn says. "They need movies that are huge and have an individual voice."

DAVID FEAR

HOT HAVEN'T WATCHED IN YEARS BUT THE WORLD WILL BE A COLD PLACE WITHOUT HIM **DAVID LETTERMAN**

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HOW A FOO FIGHTER
LEARNED TO STOP
WORRYING AND LOVE
THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

BY DAVID FRICKE

THE PASSION OF DAVE GROHL

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES







DAVE GROHL IS ABOUT TO SING the last song of the night in a room where he saw his first rock show, in 1982: a Chicago bar, the Cubby Bear, across the street from Wrigley Field. The group was local punks Naked Raygun. Grohl was 13, a Virginia kid visiting family in town, and taken to the gig by a cousin. He was transformed. Everything wild and good in his life – dropping out of high school to tour with a hardcore band; playing drums in Nirvana; writing hits and selling out stadiums with the Foo Fighters; making rock films – started here.

“Just remember, all it fucking takes is for you to turn someone else on to something that’ll change their fucking life,” Grohl tells the crowd, referring to his cousin Tracey Bradford, as the Foo Fighters wind up a two-and-a-half-hour performance celebrating the premiere of Grohl’s HBO documentary series, *Sonic Highways*. “Imagine all the shit that you can fucking turn your friends on to and change their fucking...”

Grohl turns to someone making a gesture near the stage. His grin turns to a glare. “I’m serious, asshole!” he snaps, in a

“People can’t imagine being that real and simple and honest,” Grohl, 45, says a few days after that show, at the house in the hills overlooking Los Angeles’ San Fernando Valley where he lives with his second wife, Jordyn, and their three young daughters. He shakes his head in amazement, brushing back the long, black hair that constantly falls across his face. “It’s important to me – that the stories that inspired me can inspire other people. I don’t feel like I’m on a mission. But I have the opportunity and the resources.”

“Dave has a vision,” confirms Smear, 55, who was in the seminal L.A. punk band the Germs and first played with Grohl in Nirvana, in the year before Cobain’s death. “Our job is to meet that vision or do something that exceeds it.”

Grohl, who grew up in Springfield, Virginia, has threaded his own stories – like the Naked Raygun epiphany and his lessons in self-reliance as a teenager in Washington, D.C.’s punk scene – into *Highways*. “Check yourself/Wreck your brains/Where is that P.M.A.?” Grohl demands in “The Feast and the Famine,” citing the acronym “Positive Mental Attitude,” coined by D.C. punks Bad Brains.

“He’s an appreciator,” says Virginia Grohl, Dave’s mother. “He has a respect for history and roots.” She raised Dave and his older sister, Lisa, after divorcing their father, James, a journalist and occasional poet, when Dave was six. A high school teacher of English and public speaking, Virginia had no qualms about letting Dave quit his education at 17 to tour Europe with his first serious band, Scream.

“We used to talk about music and the future,” she says. “Money was never part of the conversation. It was always about being with a band and getting to see other bands. He was determined then.” Virginia pauses. “He is driven now. I don’t know what gear he’s in at this point. It’s beyond anything I can describe.”

“Dave doesn’t want to go into a studio and make a record the usual way,” says

“I MIGHT BE AN EARNEST, NERDY GUY,” SAYS GROHL TO A HECKLER, “BUT IT’S WORKED FOR THE PAST 20 YEARS.”

rare flash of anger. Later, Grohl will recall that moment, still pissed: “This smart-ass chick in the front row goes like this” – he points a finger at his head, like a gun, and fires – “like, ‘Wow, mind blown.’” (It was the wrong show of irony. Twenty years ago, Grohl’s bandmate in Nirvana, singer-guitarist Kurt Cobain, took his life that way.)

At the Cubby Bear, Grohl quickly recovers his good humor. “I might be an earnest, nerdy guy,” he says, “but it’s worked for the past 20 fucking years.” Then Grohl, guitarists Pat Smear and Chris Shiflett, bassist Nate Mendel and drummer Taylor Hawkins bolt into the Foos’ howling 1997 song “Everlong”: “And I wonder/When I sing along with you/If everything could ever feel this real forever/If anything could ever be this good again,” Grohl sings in hopeful unison with his fans.

Senior writer DAVID FRICKE profiled Tom Petty in August.

He has invested two years and his own money – including the Foos’ take from two stadium shows in Mexico last year – in *Sonic Highways*, also the title of the band’s companion album. The follow-up to *Sound City*, Grohl’s 2013 film about a fabled L.A. studio, the HBO show is an eight-part tour of great American rock- and roots-music cities such as Chicago, Austin, New Orleans and Seattle. Grohl conceived *Highways*, directed it and conducted interviews with a catholic spectrum of peers and elders, including bluesman Buddy Guy, Gibby Haynes of the Butthole Surfers, country singer Carrie Underwood and President Obama.

Grohl himself is “pretty fucking presidential,” claims Hawkins, 42, a lanky live wire who is practically Grohl’s double in enthusiasm and profanity. “Dave’s always been like, ‘I’ve got some great fucking songs. I know what I want them to be. Let’s do this.’ He’s never just sat there and gone, ‘Fuck, what should we do?’ – never.”

producer Butch Vig, who worked on Nirvana’s 1991 breakthrough, *Nevermind*, and co-produced the *Sonic Highways* LP. “He wants a story behind it that gives some relevance.” And, Vig notes, “people follow him, because they believe Dave is sincere. That comes across in the music. It’s like the guy down the street made it.”

In his home studio, in an upstairs corner of his house, Grohl is carrying on like a guy who can’t believe his luck, blasting some of the raging-guitar demos that he made here for *Highways*. It is a modest setup, with just enough room for a desk, a sofa and a small soundproofed booth with a drum kit. You need to bend your neck all the way back to notice Grohl’s 15 Grammys lined up at the top of a bookshelf.

“You have to imagine me up here after a day of daddy duty,” Grohl shouts with delight over a torrent of fuzz guitar. “I’ve done three-quarters of a bottle of wine, and I’m in my underwear, totally rockin’ these riffs all night.” It’s a little after 10



Positive Mental Attitude

(1) Grohl in Prague in 2012; (2) with mother Virginia Grohl when Dave was about 13 years old; (3) with Kurt Cobain in 1993. "I was celebrating life by bashing my drums," says Grohl. "He was questioning it."

a.m., but Grohl has been up since 5:45 – making breakfast and snack packs for his daughters Violet, 8, and Harper, 5, then driving them to school. He just got back after stopping at a garage to fix a flat tire. Grohl will soon jump back into his car for the 15-minute drive to Studio 606, the band's recording facility, where he is editing the New York episode of *Highways*.

In between, Grohl whips up his own late breakfast, wolfs it down, cleans up and gives a tour of the house, stopping at a swinging cradle to pick up his youngest daughter, Ophelia, born in August, for cuddles and smiles. Along the way, he maintains a buoyant, running commentary lined with f-bombs and tour-van slang ("dude," "rad," "badass") about his life, work and many rock & roll friends. There are tales of a funny e-mail exchange with David Bowie, jamming with Prince and having Paul McCartney to the house for a glass of wine. "You don't know how much Beatles stuff you have until he comes

over for a visit," Grohl says with an embarrassed laugh, passing a *Yellow Submarine* poster on one wall.

"Fuck no! Not at all," Grohl exclaims when asked if he feels like their equal. "When you jam with Paul McCartney you don't feel like an equal." But up in his studio, Grohl tells a story about attending an Elton John Oscar-night party and sitting at a table next to actress Eve Hewson, the daughter of U2's Bono. "I said, 'Can I ask you some questions about growing up with a rock-star father? Because I have three daughters.' And the Bono she described is my favorite Bono: packing lunches, driving the kids, reading them stories. Clearly, most musicians are the same way.

"I have to sacrifice sleep to do the things I want to do," Grohl continues. "This last year has been filled with more responsibility than at any other time in my life – the TV show, the album, the family, maintaining a band for 20 fucking years. It's nuts. But they're four things I love."

Asked about superstar indulgences, Grohl replies by pointing out a window to a 1965 Ford Falcon van in the driveway – which, at the moment, doesn't work. "It's fucking awesome, dude, but it ain't cheap," he says, to keep running. Grohl stopped doing drugs – acid, mushrooms and weed – when he was 20. "To this day, I have never done cocaine. Because I know me," he says, alluding to his already speedy personality. "Never tried heroin. Pills are lame. I like wine. I'm the fun drunk. You know I'm wasted when I shut up.

"I don't freak out on the rock-star excess," Grohl adds. "When Nirvana got popular, I was renting a house with a friend. I had a futon, a lamp and a dresser for my clothes. Ten million records later, I was still in that back room with the futon, lamp and dresser. I didn't know what to get. This" – he gestures at a few guitars hanging on his studio wall – "is a lot of stuff for me. I don't know what else to do. I get lost."

Grohl suddenly jumps out of his chair. "We should head off," he says brightly. "I have to go to my other office."

IN SEPTEMBER 2013, GROHL stood in a hallway at Studio 606, lined floor to ceiling with concert posters and record-sales plaques, and described to me his idea for *Sonic Highways*. Two weeks after that, Grohl was in New York interviewing me for the series at the Magic Shop, a legendary Soho studio where Bowie, Lou Reed and Sonic Youth made important records. (I was not paid for my participation.)

"I never considered myself a filmmaker," Grohl said later. "I didn't know what being a director meant outside of manning some silly Foo Fighters videos." But he is a natural storyteller. Vig points out that Grohl typically sets aside an hour or two at band rehearsals for shooting the breeze. "It loosens everybody up," the producer says. "You don't worry about that chord in the bridge. You get caught up in the life and times of Dave Grohl."

Grohl's style as an interviewer for *Sonic Highways* was just as loose. "I would walk into these interviews," he says, "with real questions I didn't know the answers to. I looked at them as lessons." He opened his chat with Ben Jaffe, the Preservation Hall Jazz Band's creative director and tuba player, in New Orleans by telling Jaffe that he knew nothing about the city or jazz. "That became the conversation," Grohl says. "Put two musicians together – at the back of a bus, at the corner of a bar – and the conversation usually delivers."

Grohl's interview with Obama was not the rocker's first trip to the White House. In 2010, when McCartney was given a Library of Congress Gershwin Prize, Grohl – a veteran of Rock Against Reagan punk

shows in the Eighties – sang “Band on the Run” in the East Room with Obama in the front row. This time, he met the president for what was to be a 15-minute taping. “It was a heavy day for him,” Grohl says. “We were going back into Iraq. This was the last thing of his day.” But the 15 minutes became 45. Obama “loosened his tie and got into it.”

Grohl has saved that encounter for the last episode of *Highways*. “I talked to him for a specific reason,” Grohl says, leaning forward in his chair for emphasis, “which I might as well fucking tell you: I wanted to talk to Obama about America as a country where the opportunity to follow your dreams is real, from Buddy Guy and his guitar made from his screen porch to a kid from Springfield, Virginia, who winds up in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame” – Grohl was inducted with Nirvana this year – “to a kid from Hawaii becoming the first African-American president.

Mendel, 45, confesses he was skeptical when Grohl first told the other Foos about his plans for the show and album at a band meeting. But the bassist said nothing at the time. “I’ve learned to hold back, let an idea develop,” he says. “Our role is not to be the downer. Dave doesn’t need that. He’s got his own sense of editing.”

“If Dave’s excited about making a record, it’s my job to move it along, however he wants to do it,” says Hawkins, who was drumming for Alanis Morissette before joining the Foos in 1997. When Grohl gets tired or irritable, he doesn’t yell at his band. He “seethes,” as Vig puts it. “The tone of his voice changes. He gets quiet, more serious.”

The closest Grohl came to breaking up the Foo Fighters was during a 2001 tour when Hawkins suffered a drug overdose in London. For Grohl, who lived through Cobain’s heroin addiction, it was history threatening to repeat itself. He sat by

cursing. “I decided it’s just rock talk, part of the language. It’s not the way he communicates all the time, like with the children – thank goodness.”

“This is my mother’s DNA,” Grohl says of his daily cheer. “She was a public-school teacher raising two kids on \$18,000, working three jobs. She never complained. I never thought we didn’t have enough. How much do you need?” He took that attitude on the road. “The first time I crossed the Mississippi River was in a Dodge van with Scream. I was like, ‘This is Des Moines? Oh, my God, amazing!’”

Grohl’s father died this year. They had limited contact during Grohl’s youth but had reconnected, Dave says, “once I grew up.” He credits James Grohl – a politically conservative man who became a speechwriter and campaign manager for a Republican senator from Ohio – with giving him “my love of whiskey,” “the way I clear my throat” and “the way I write.

BASSIST MENDEL WAS FIRST SKEPTICAL ABOUT “HIGHWAYS,” BUT “HELD BACK. OUR ROLE IS NOT TO BE THE DOWNER.”

“These things can happen in our country,” Grohl continues, almost yelling into my recorder. “So why not do it yourself? Why not find the thing you don’t know how to do and do it? The opportunity is there.”

It’s worth noting that the full title of the series is *Foo Fighters: Sonic Highways*, and the album notes say, “All songs written by Foo Fighters.” Grohl doesn’t like to work alone. “They’re Dave’s songs,” says Shiflett, 43, a Santa Barbara native who joined the Foos in 1999. “If he played them with another band, they’d still be good songs. But they wouldn’t be these songs.”

“I heard Dave tell someone in another band not long ago, ‘You just need to get a band that makes you sound really good,’” says Smear. “That’s what I did.”

It was not easy. “I had no plan,” Grohl says of his state of mind in 1994, after Cobain’s death. He recalls a trip to Ireland, driving around “in the middle of nowhere, so happy to be away from it all,” until he passed a hitchhiker wearing a Cobain T-shirt. “In that moment, I thought, ‘I have to do something.’”

In July 1995, Grohl released *Foo Fighters*, an album on which he wrote, sang and played virtually everything. Then he formed a band to perform the songs live, with Smear and Mendel in the first lineup. Grohl learned about leading a band the hard way, firing one early member – Franz Stahl, a close friend from Scream – and losing others. (Smear quit in 1997, returning nine years later.)

Hawkins’ hospital bed for 12 days, until the drummer recovered. Later, Grohl received a note from his mother. It said, “Your altruistic nature is something I am most proud of in my child. Look it up.” Grohl laughs. “I didn’t know there was such a word.” Hawkins, now married with two children, does not like going back over what he dubs “my spazfest.” But he professes absolute loyalty to Grohl: “He’s the greatest leader there is in rock & roll, period.”

“Dave could play drums on our records easily,” Hawkins says, “because he knows exactly what he wants. But he gives that up to me. He knows I gotta be in there, that Nate’s gotta be in there – because that’s what makes these things great.”

“I know the dynamics of this band,” Grohl says. “Pat sounds like a bomb going off in your speaker. Chris is the most steady, perfect guitarist I’ve ever met. Nate prefers the high notes. Taylor is a fucking wild animal. And I’m the cheerleader.”

“The great thing about being surrounded by people you love,” he says, “is you can come to them and say, ‘I have an idea, trust me.’ And they say, ‘OK.’”

THE CHILDHOOD PHOTOGRAPHS of Grohl that pepper the Chicago and D.C. episodes of *Highways* usually show him preening for the camera or wearing a big, toothy smile. Virginia says Dave was “a happy kid,” even after her divorce. “People have always wanted to be around him.” She’s not crazy about his

He would say, ‘You write with a lot of punch, and punch is power.’ I loved to read the things he wrote. I remember one poem about the smell of ham. He used the word ‘redolent.’”

After his parents’ split, Grohl would record himself on a cassette player, speaking about his problems and fears that day, and then would fall asleep listening to the tape. “I started to find this kind of safe place,” Grohl says now, “where I only had to rely on myself to survive emotionally.”

That assurance came in handy when he joined Nirvana in 1990, becoming their sixth drummer after Cobain and bassist Krist Novoselic saw him play with Scream in San Francisco. Grohl sums up Nirvana’s chemistry this way: “I was celebrating life by beating the shit out of my drums. Kurt was questioning life in his songs.” And Novoselic “was the engine. Krist was the one getting him up and out to do shit.”

“Dave was an unabashedly silly guy,” says Novoselic. “You waste a lot of time in a band, waiting for the gig, sitting in a van.” Grohl could be relied upon to “always see or say something funny.”

“Dave had great feel,” says Vig of the *Nevermind* sessions. “He would write a fill, then repeat it like a motif.” Vig knocks out one of Grohl’s licks from “In Bloom” on a restaurant table. “He plays drums much like he writes guitar hooks.”

Yet as late as the fall of 1993, in his last *ROLLING STONE* interview, Cobain expressed concern for Grohl, that “he still feels like he can be replaced at any time.... I

guess Dave is a person who needs reassurance sometimes.” Grohl shrugs when reminded of that quote, pointing out that he quit Nirvana “a few times” in frustration, before Cobain’s death, and once caught the guitarist telling someone, “Dave’s fucking up,” backstage after a show. “It’s a tricky thing to dwell on,” Grohl says, “because Kurt’s not around anymore, and I had my great moments with him, that made me feel totally needed.”

In fact, he argues, “the vulnerability of being the sixth drummer in Nirvana is nothing compared to being the lead singer of a new band after Nirvana. I’ve spent

where you locked the door because that person had disappeared.” Nirvana’s Hall of Fame induction in April was a dramatic exception, with Grohl, Novoselic and Smear resurrecting four Cobain classics with an inspired series of female vocalists, including St. Vincent and Lorde. Later that night, the rhythm section hosted a party in Brooklyn, busting out more Nirvana songs with friends and fans such as J Mascis.

That, Grohl gushes, “was fucking baptism, dunked-in-the-river shit. The first time we played ‘Scentless Apprentice’ in the practice room, it was Nirvana, man.”



FOOS OVER AMERICA Shiflett, Hawkins, Grohl, Mendel and Smear (from left) in October

years taking hits, man, fighting my way through it. People resented me. That was years of my life – in every review, every time I sat down with a journalist.

“I don’t expect everybody to love the band that we are,” Grohl says of the Foo Fighters. “But I still look at it the way I did 20 years ago: I don’t give a fuck what anyone says. I have to do this to survive.”

Novoselic, who is close to Grohl and still plays with him occasionally, describes a Foo concert he saw three years ago in Buffalo: “The place is packed, and Dave’s right out there – it’s his show. I looked up, and there was a woman in the grandstand, out of her seat, singing and moving along to the music. I thought, ‘She’s worked hard all day, all month, and this is her night.’ That’s what Dave wants to bring to people. I thought, ‘Good for her. And good for Dave.’”

One thing Grohl has never done with the Foo Fighters is perform Nirvana songs. “I can’t imagine how that would be possible,” he says, his voice dropping. “Those songs are like rooms upstairs

Grohl corrects himself. “It wasn’t Nirvana, but jaws dropped. I realized, ‘Oh, that’s why people liked us.’” Of course, he notes, the day after the Hall of Fame set “people were hoping we’d be playing in other places. But the special thing about that night was that it was that night.”

Grohl characterizes his day-to-day role in Nirvana business, like the recent reissues of *Nevermind* and 1993’s *In Utero*, as “not a lot.” Novoselic “is the real Nirvana aesthetic. I’m the last call.” To Grohl, Nirvana is still “Kurt and Krist’s band.”

But as he drives from his house to Studio 606, Grohl mentions a personal turning point at the Hall of Fame induction: when Courtney Love, Cobain’s widow, turned around during her acceptance speech and hugged Grohl. The two had feuded bitterly since Cobain’s death; in 2001, Love exchanged lawsuits with Grohl and Novoselic over control of Nirvana’s catalog. (They settled before going to trial.)

Grohl was nervous when he arrived early in the day for the ceremony. “I hadn’t

seen her in so long, and so much had gone down,” he says. Then he saw Love walking through the crowd. “I grabbed her arm and spun her around. I saw the Courtney Love I met in 1990, when I was down in L.A. playing drums with L7. Fuck all the other shit. I’ve got better things to do than gripe about yesterday.

“I said hi,” he continues. “She said hi. We hugged. I said, ‘You good?’ She said, ‘Yeah, I’m good. How are you?’ I said, ‘I’m fine. Let’s do this.’”

Grohl pauses as he pulls into the 606 lot and parks the car. He turns and smiles. “And now I think we might be friends.”

AT THE CUBBY BEAR, perched on a stool in an upstairs lounge, Grohl shows off one of his many tattoos, this one on the underside of his right arm: the symbol for infinity, set inside lines of script that read, “In the end we all come from what’s come before.” Grohl had it done a few months ago, in the week that his father died and, six days later, his new daughter was born.

“I try not to hang on too much to the past,” Grohl says. “But I wouldn’t be here if it weren’t for that” – we’ve just finished one of our discussions about Nirvana – “and I wouldn’t have all this to look forward to.” He looks around the room, smiling, as the other Foo Fighters get ready for the show. “I can’t wait to see what happens next.”

Right now, there are club-size gigs every Friday in each *Sonic Highways* city until the series ends. A world tour next year already includes an August date in Chicago – across from the Cubby Bear at Wrigley Field. One of the opening acts that day will be Naked Raygun.

“He hasn’t had a minute to himself in 40 years,” Virginia says. “I think about that. Someday it will catch up with him, and he’ll go to sleep for 10 years.”

“It fucking never ends,” Grohl says, acknowledging a sign from a crew member that it’s almost time to hit the stage. “I know what we’re doing for our next record. I don’t think anyone’s ever done it. And it’s fucking cool. It will blow everybody’s mind. Nobody has the balls to do it.

“And that’s three years away,” Grohl says. Foo Fighters will be into their third decade, and Grohl will be nearing 50 – a long way from his first rock show at the Cubby Bear.

“I know,” he says, laughing. “My favorite thing about doing those Bridge School benefits for Neil Young was picking out who worked for Neil. They always had white hair in ponytails down to their asses, wearing overalls, walking real slow.

“That’s me in fucking 20 years,” Grohl promises. “I’ll be walking real slow, with a long, white ponytail down to my butt, happy as a clam.”

A



Jackie was just starting her freshman year at the University of Virginia when she was brutally assaulted by seven men at a frat party. When she tried to hold them accountable, a whole new kind of abuse began

RAPE

ON

*From Rugby Road to Vinegar Hill, we're gonna get drunk tonight
The faculty's afraid of us, they know we're in the right
So fill up your cups, your loving cups, as full as full can be
As long as love and liquor last, we'll drink to the U of V*
—“RUGBY ROAD,” TRADITIONAL UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA FIGHT SONG

SIPPING FROM A PLASTIC CUP, JACKIE GRIMACED, THEN discreetly spilled her spiked punch onto the sludgy fraternity-house floor. The University of Virginia freshman wasn't a drinker, but she didn't want to seem like a goody-goody at her very first frat party – and she especially wanted to impress her date, the handsome Phi Kappa Psi brother who'd brought her here. Jackie was sober but giddy with discovery as she looked around the room crammed with rowdy strangers guzzling beer and dancing to

CAMPUS

BY SABRINA RUBIN ERDELY

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY JOHN RITTER



loud music. She smiled at her date, whom we'll call Drew, a good-looking junior – or in UVA parlance, a third-year – and he smiled enticingly back.

"Want to go upstairs, where it's quieter?" Drew shouted into her ear, and Jackie's heart quickened. She took his hand as he threaded them out of the crowded room and up a staircase.

Four weeks into UVA's 2012 school year, 18-year-old Jackie was crushing it at college. A chatty, straight-A achiever from a rural Virginia town, she'd initially been intimidated by UVA's aura of preppy success, where throngs of toned, tanned and overwhelmingly blond students fanned across a landscape of neoclassical brick buildings, hurrying to classes, clubs, sports, internships, part-time jobs, volunteer work and parties; Jackie's orientation leader had warned her that UVA students' schedules were so packed that "no one has time to date – people just hook up." But despite her reservations, Jackie had flung herself into campus life, attending events, joining clubs, making friends and, now, being asked on an actual date. She and Drew had met while working lifeguard shifts together at the university pool, and Jackie had been floored by Drew's invitation to dinner, followed by a "date function" at his fraternity, Phi Kappa Psi. The "upper tier" frat had a reputation of tremendous wealth, and its imposingly large house overlooked a vast manicured field, giving "Phi Psi" the undisputed best real estate along UVA's fraternity row known as Rugby Road.

Jackie had taken three hours getting ready, straightening her long, dark, wavy hair. She'd congratulated herself on her choice of a tasteful red dress with a high neckline. Now, climbing the frat-house stairs with Drew, Jackie felt excited. Drew ushered Jackie into a bedroom, shutting the door behind them. The room was pitch-black inside. Jackie blindly turned toward Drew, uttering his name. At that same moment, she says, she detected movement in the room – and felt someone bump into her. Jackie began to scream.

"Shut up," she heard a man's voice say as a body barreled into her, tripping her backward and sending them both crashing through a low glass table. There was a heavy person on top of her, spreading open her thighs, and another person kneeling on her hair, hands pinning down her arms, sharp shards digging into her back, and excited male voices rising all around her. When yet another hand clamped over her mouth, Jackie bit it, and the hand became a fist that punched her in the face. The men surrounding her began to laugh. For a hopeful moment Jackie wondered if this wasn't some collegiate prank. Perhaps

at any second someone would flick on the lights and they'd return to the party.

"Grab its motherfucking leg," she heard a voice say. And that's when Jackie knew she was going to be raped.

She remembers every moment of the next three hours of agony, during which, she says, seven men took turns raping her, while two more – her date, Drew, and another man – gave instruction and encouragement. She remembers how the spectators swigged beers, and how they called each other nicknames like Armpit and Blanket. She remembers the men's heft and their sour reek of alcohol mixed with the pungency of marijuana. Most of all, Jackie remembers the pain and the pounding that went on and on.

As the last man sank onto her, Jackie was startled to recognize him: He attended her tiny anthropology discussion group. He looked like he was going to cry or puke as he told the crowd he couldn't get it up. "Pussy!" the other men jeered. "What, she's not hot enough for you?" Then they egged him on: "Don't you want to be a brother?" "We all had to do it, so you do, too." Someone handed her class-

house loomed behind them. "We have to get her to the hospital," Randall said.

Their other two friends, however, weren't convinced. "Is that such a good idea?" she recalls Cindy asking. "Her reputation will be *shot* for the next four years." Andy seconded the opinion, adding that since he and Randall both planned to rush fraternities, they ought to think this through. The three friends launched into a heated discussion about the social price of reporting Jackie's rape, while Jackie stood beside them, mute in her bloody dress, wishing only to go back to her dorm room and fall into a deep, forgetful sleep. Detached, Jackie listened as Cindy prevailed over the group: "She's gonna be the girl who cried 'rape,' and we'll never be allowed into any frat party again."

TWO YEARS LATER, JACKIE, NOW a third-year, is worried about what might happen to her once this article comes out. Greek life is huge at UVA, with nearly one-third of undergrads belonging to a fraternity or sorority, so Jackie fears the backlash could be big – a "shitshow" predicted by her

Jackie recalls how her attackers swigged beers. She remembers their heft, and the reek of alcohol and pot. Most of all, Jackie remembers the pain.

mate a beer bottle. Jackie stared at the young man, silently begging him not to go through with it. And as he shoved the bottle into her, Jackie fell into a stupor, mentally untethering from the brutal tableau, her mind leaving behind the bleeding body under assault on the floor.

When Jackie came to, she was alone. It was after 3 a.m. She painfully rose from the floor and ran shoeless from the room. She emerged to discover the Phi Psi party still surreally under way, but if anyone noticed the barefoot, disheveled girl hurrying down a side staircase, face beaten, dress spattered with blood, they said nothing. Disoriented, Jackie burst out a side door, realized she was lost, and dialed a friend, screaming, "Something bad happened. I need you to come and find me!" Minutes later, her three best friends on campus – two boys and a girl (whose names are changed) – arrived to find Jackie on a nearby street corner, shaking. "What did they do to you? What did they make you do?" Jackie recalls her friend Randall demanding. Jackie shook her head and began to cry. The group looked at one another in a panic. They all knew about Jackie's date; the Phi Kappa Psi

now-former friend Randall, who, citing his loyalty to his own frat, declined to be interviewed. But her concerns go beyond taking on her alleged assailants and their fraternity. Lots of people have discouraged her from sharing her story, Jackie tells me with a pained look, including the trusted UVA dean to whom Jackie reported her gang-rape allegations more than a year ago. On this deeply loyal campus, even some of Jackie's closest friends see her going public as tantamount to betrayal.

"One of my roommates said, 'Do you want to be responsible for something that's gonna paint UVA in a bad light?'" says Jackie, poking at a vegan burger at a restaurant on the Corner, UVA's popular retail strip. "But I said, 'UVA has flown under the radar for so long, *someone* has to say something about it, or else it's gonna be this system that keeps perpetuating!'" Jackie frowns. "My friend just said, 'You have to remember where your loyalty lies.'"

From reading headlines today, one might think colleges have suddenly become hotbeds of protest by celebrated anti-rape activists. But like most colleges across America, genteel University of Virginia has no radical feminist culture seek-

Contributing editor SABRINA RUBIN ERDELY wrote about transgender activist CeCe McDonald this summer.



Partying With the 'Hoos

UVA students call themselves Wahoos, after a fish that can drink twice its own body weight. In 2012, the year of Jackie's rape, UVA was rated the nation's top party school.

ing to upend the patriarchy. There are no red-tape-wearing protests like at Harvard, no "sex-positive" clubs promoting the female orgasm like at Yale, no mattress-hauling performance artists like at Columbia, and certainly no SlutWalks. UVA isn't an edgy or progressive campus by any stretch. The pinnacle of its polite activism is its annual Take Back the Night vigil, which on this campus of 21,000 students attracts an audience of less than 500 souls. But the dearth of attention isn't because rape doesn't happen in Charlottesville. It's because at UVA, rapes are kept quiet, both by students – who brush off sexual assaults as regrettable but inevitable casualties of their cherished party culture – and by an administration that critics say is less concerned with protecting students than it is with protecting its own reputation from scandal. Some UVA women, so sickened by the university's culture of hidden sexual violence, have taken to calling it "UVrApe."

"University of Virginia thinks they're above the law," says UVA grad and victims-rights advocate Liz Seccuro. "They go to such lengths to protect themselves. There's a national conversation about sexual assault, but nothing at UVA is changing."

S. Daniel Carter, who as former director of public policy for the advocacy group Clery Center for Security on Campus is a national expert on college safety, points out that UVA's sexual assault problems are not much worse than other schools; if anything, he says, the depressing reality is that UVA's situation is likely the norm. Decades of awareness programming haven't budged the prevalence of campus rape: One in five women is sexually assaulted in college, though only about 12 percent report it to police. Spurred by a wave of activism, the Obama administration has stepped up pressure on colleges, announcing Title IX investigations of 86 schools suspected of denying students their equal right to education by inadequately handling sexual-violence complaints; if found in violation, each school runs the risk of financial penalties, including the nuclear option (which has never been deployed) of having its federal funding revoked.

The University of Virginia is one of the 86 schools now under federal investigation, but it has more reason to worry than most of its peers. Because, unlike most schools under scrutiny, where complaints are at issue, UVA is one of only 12 schools under a sweeping investigation known as "compliance review": a proactive probe launched by the Department of Education's Office of Civil Rights itself, triggered by concerns about deep-rooted issues. "They are targeted efforts to go after very serious concerns," says Office of Civil Rights assistant secretary Catherine Lhamon. "We don't open compliance reviews unless we have something that we think merits it."

UVA says it has been complying fully with the investigation. But Carter notes that UVA and other elite schools tend not to respond well to criticism and sanctify tradition above all else. "That's common to more prestigious institutions," Carter says.

Prestige is at the core of UVA's identity. Although a public school, its grounds of red-brick, white-columned buildings designed by founder Thomas Jefferson radiate old-money privilege, footnoted by the graffiti of UVA's many secret societies, whose insignias are neatly painted ev-

erywhere. At \$10,000 a year, in-state tuition is a quarter the cost of the Ivies, but UVA tends to attract affluent students, and through aggressive fundraising boasts an endowment of \$5 billion, on par with Cornell. "Wealthy parents are the norm," says former UVA dean John Foubert. On top of all that, UVA enjoys a reputation as one of the best schools in the country, not to mention a campus so brimming with fun that in 2012 – the year of Jackie's rape – *Playboy* crowned it the nation's number-one party school. Students hold themselves up to that standard: studious by day, wild by night. "The most impressive person at UVA is the person who gets straight A's and goes to all the parties," explains fourth-year student Brian Head. Partying traditions fuse the decorum of the Southern aristocracy with binge drinking: At Cavalier football tailgates, the dress code is "girls in pearls, guys in ties" while students guzzle hand-dies of vodka. Not for nothing is a UVA student nicknamed a Wahoo, as undergrads like to explain; though derived from a long-ago yell from Cavalier fans, a wahoo is also a fish that can drink twice its own body weight.

Wahoos are enthralled to be at UVA and can't wait to tell you the reasons why, beginning, surprisingly, with Thomas Jefferson, whose lore is so powerfully woven into everyday UVA life that you practically expect to glimpse the man still walking the grounds in his waistcoat and pantaloons. Nearly every student I interviewed found a way to mention "TJ," speaking with zeal about their founding father's vision for an "academical village" in the idyllic setting of the Blue Ridge Mountains. They burble about UVA's honor code, a solemn pledge not to lie, cheat or steal; students are expected to snitch on violators, who are expelled. UVA's emphasis on honor is so pronounced that since 1998, 183 people have been expelled for honor-code violations such as cheating on exams. And yet paradoxically, not a single student at UVA has ever been expelled for sexual assault.

"Think about it," says Susan Russell, whose UVA daughter's sexual-assault report helped trigger a previous federal investigation. "In what world do you get kicked out for cheating, but if you rape someone, you can stay?"

Attorney Wendy Murphy, who has filed Title IX complaints and lawsuits against schools including UVA, argues that in matters of sexual violence, Ivy League and Division I schools' fixation with prestige is their downfall. "These schools love to pretend they protect the children as if they were their own, but that's not true: They're interested in money," Murphy says. "In these situations, the one who gets the most protection is either a wealthy kid, a legacy kid or an athlete. The more privileged he is, the more likely the woman has to die before he's held accountable." Indeed, UVA

is the same campus where the volatile relationship of lacrosse star George Hugueley V and his girlfriend Yeardley Love was seen as unremarkable – his jealous rages, fanned by over-the-top drinking – until the 2010 day he kicked open her door and beat her to death.

UVA president Teresa Sullivan denies the administration sweeps sexual assault under the rug. "If we're trying to hide the issue, we're not doing a very good job of it," she says, noting that this past February UVA hosted the first-ever sexual-assault summit for college administrators. It's true that recently, while under close government scrutiny, the school has made some encouraging changes, including designating most UVA authority figures as mandatory reporters of sexual assault and teaming up with student activists to create a bystander-intervention campaign. Students praise UVA's deans as caring folks who answer late-night calls from victims and even make emergency-room visits.

And yet the UVA public-relations team seemed unenthused about this article, canceling my interview with the head of UVA's Sexual Misconduct Board, and forbidding other administrators from cooperating; even students seemed infected by their anxiety about how members of the administration might appear. And when President Sullivan was at last made available for an interview, her most frequently invoked answer to my specific questions about sexual-assault handling at UVA – while two other UVA staffers sat in on the recorded call – was "I don't know."

All you girls from Mary Washington

and RMWC, never let a Cavalier an inch above your knee.

He'll take you to his fraternity house and fill you full of beer.

And soon you'll be the mother of a bastard Cavalier!

"RUGBY ROAD"

TWO WEEKS AFTER JACKIE'S rape, she ran into Drew during her lifeguard shift at the UVA pool. "Hey, Jackie," Drew said, startling her. "Are you ignoring me?" She'd switched her shift in the hopes of never seeing him again. Since the Phi Kappa Psi party, she'd barely left her dorm room, fearful of glimpsing one of her attackers. Jackie stared at Drew, unable to speak. "I wanted to thank you for the other night," Drew said. "I had a great time."

Jackie left her shift early, saying she wasn't feeling well. Then she walked back to her dorm and crawled under the covers. She didn't go to classes for the rest of the week, and soon quit her lifeguarding job – the first time she could remember quitting anything. She would never again return to

the anthropology course she shared with one of her assailants. She was constantly on the edge of panic, plagued by flashbacks – and disgusted by her own naïveté. She obsessed over what easy prey she'd been, as the attention-starved freshman who for weeks drank up Drew's flirtations. "I still grapple with 'Did I do something that could have been construed as that's what I wanted?'" she says.

Before Jackie left for college, her parents – a Vietnam vet and retired military contractor, and a stay-at-home mom – had lectured her about avoiding the perils of the social scene, stressing the importance of her studies, since Jackie hoped to get into medical school. Jackie had a strained relationship with her father, in whose eyes she'd never felt good enough, and always responded by exceeding expectations – honor roll, swim team, first-chair violin – becoming the role model for her two younger brothers. Jackie had been looking forward to college as an escape – a place to, even, defy her parents' wishes and go to a frat party. "And I guess they were right," she says bitterly.

She was having an especially difficult time figuring out how to process that awful night, because her small social circle seemed so underwhelmed. For the first month of school, Jackie had latched onto a crew of lighthearted social strivers, and her pals were now impatient for Jackie to rejoin the merriment. "You're still upset about that?" Andy asked one Friday night when Jackie was crying. Cindy, a self-declared hookup queen, said she didn't see why Jackie was so bent out of shape. "Why didn't you have fun with it?" Cindy asked. "A bunch of hot Phi Psi guys?" One of Jackie's friends told her, unconcerned, "Andy said you had a bad experience at a frat, and you've been a baby ever since."

That reaction of dismissal, downgrading and doubt is a common theme UVA rape survivors hear, including from women. "Some of my hallmates were skeptical," recalls recent grad Emily Renda, who says that weeks into her first year she was raped after a party. "They were silent and avoided me afterwards. It made me doubt myself." Other students encounter more overt hostility, as when a first-year student confided her assault to a friend. "She said she thought I was just looking for attention," says the undergrad. Shrugging off a rape or pointing fingers at the victim can be a self-protective maneuver for women, a form of wishful thinking to reassure themselves they could never be so vulnerable to violence. For men, skepticism is a form of self-protection too. For much of their lives, they've looked forward to the hedonistic fun of college, bearing every expectation of booze and no-strings sex. A rape heralds the uncomfortable idea that all that harmless mayhem may not be so harmless after all. Easier, then,

to assume the girl is lying, even though studies indicate that false rape reports account for, at most, eight percent of reports.

And so at UVA, where social status is paramount, outing oneself as a rape victim can be a form of social suicide. "I don't know many people who are engrossed in the party scene and have spoken out about their sexual assaults," says third-year student Sara Surface. After all, no one climbs the social ladder only to cast themselves back down. Emily Renda, for one, quickly figured out that few classmates were sympathetic to her plight, and instead channeled her despair into hard partying. "My drinking didn't stand out," says Renda, who often ended her nights passed out on a bathroom floor. "It does make you wonder how many others are doing what I did: drinking to self-medicate."

By the middle of her first semester, Jackie's alarm would ring and ring in her dorm room until one of her five suitemates would pad down the hall to turn it off. Jackie would barely stir in her bed. "That was when we realized she was even there," remembers suitemate Rachel Soltis. "At the

of tree-lined Rugby Road as they explain the scene. The women rattle off which one is known as the "roofie frat," where supposedly four girls have been drugged and raped, and at which house a friend had a recent "bad experience," the Wahoo euphemism for sexual assault. Studies have shown that fraternity men are three times as likely to commit rape, and a spate of recent high-profile cases illustrates the dangers that can lurk at frat parties, like a University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee frat accused of using color-coded hand stamps as a signal to roofie their guests, and this fall's suspension of Brown University's chapter of Phi Kappa Psi – of all fraternities – after a partygoer tested positive for the date-rape drug GHB. Presumably, the UVA freshmen wobbling around us are oblivious to any specific hazards along Rugby Road; having just arrived on campus, they can hardly tell one fraternity from another. As we pass another frat house, one of my guides offers, "I know a girl who got assaulted there."

"I do too!" says her friend in mock excitement. "That makes two! Yay!"

who are responsible for an astonishing average of six rapes each. None of the offenders in Lisak's study had ever been reported. Lisak's findings upended general presumptions about campus sexual assault: It implied that most incidents are not bumbling, he-said-she-said miscommunications, but rather deliberate crimes by serial sex offenders.

In his study, Lisak's subjects described the ways in which they used the camouflage of college as fruitful rape-hunting grounds. They told Lisak they target freshmen for being the most naïve and the least-experienced drinkers. One offender described how his party-hearty friends would help incapacitate his victims: "We always had some kind of punch.... We'd make it with a real sweet juice. It was really powerful stuff. The girls wouldn't know what hit them." Presumably, the friends mixing the drinks did so without realizing the offender's plot, just as when they probably high-fived him the next morning, they didn't realize the behavior they'd just endorsed. That's because the serial rapist's behavior can look ordinary at college. "They're not acting in a vacuum," observes Lisak of predators. "They're echoing that message and that culture that's around them: the objectification and degradation of women."

One need only glance around at some recent college hijinks to see spectacular examples of the way the abasement of women has broken through to no-holds-barred misogyny: a Dartmouth student's how-to-rape guide posted online this past January; Yale pledges chanting "No means yes! Yes means anal!" And despite its air of mannered civility, UVA has been in on the naughty fun for at least 70 years with its jolly fight song "Rugby Road," which celebrates the sexual triumphs of UVA fraternity men, named for the very same street where my guides and I are now enveloped in a thickening crowd of wasted first-years. Through the decades, the song has expanded to 35 verses, with the more recent, student-penned stanzas shedding the song's winking tone in favor of something more jarringly explicit:

*A hundred Delta Gammas,
a thousand AZDs*

*Ten thousand Pi Phi bitches who get
down on their knees*

*But the ones that we hold true,
the ones that we hold dear*

*Are the ones who stay up late at night,
and take it in the rear.*

In 2010, "Rugby Road" was banned from football games – despite a petition calling it "an integral part" of UVA culture. But Wahos fearing the loss of tradition can take heart that "Rugby Road" verses are still performed on campus by UVA's oldest a cappella group, the Virginia Gentlemen.

"Some of my hallmates were skeptical," says one survivor of rape. "They were silent and avoided me afterwards. It made me doubt myself."

beginning of the year, she seemed like a normal, happy girl, always with friends. Then her door was closed all the time. We just figured she was out." Long since abandoned by her original crew, Jackie had slept through half a semester's worth of classes and had bought a length of rope with which to hang herself. Instead, as the semester crawled to an end, she called her mother. "Come and get me," Jackie told her, crying. "I need your help."

THE FIRST WEEKS OF FRESHMAN year are when students are most vulnerable to sexual assault. Spend a Friday night in mid-September walking along Rugby Road at UVA, and you can begin to see why. Hundreds of women in crop tops and men in khaki shorts stagger between handsome fraternity houses, against a call-and-response soundtrack of "Who!" and breaking glass. "Do you know where Delta Sig is?" a girl slurs, sloshed. Behind her, one of her dozen or so friends stumbles into the street, sending a beer bottle shattering. ("Who!" calls a far-away voice.)

"These are all first-years," narrates one of my small group of upperclasswomen guides. We walk the curving length

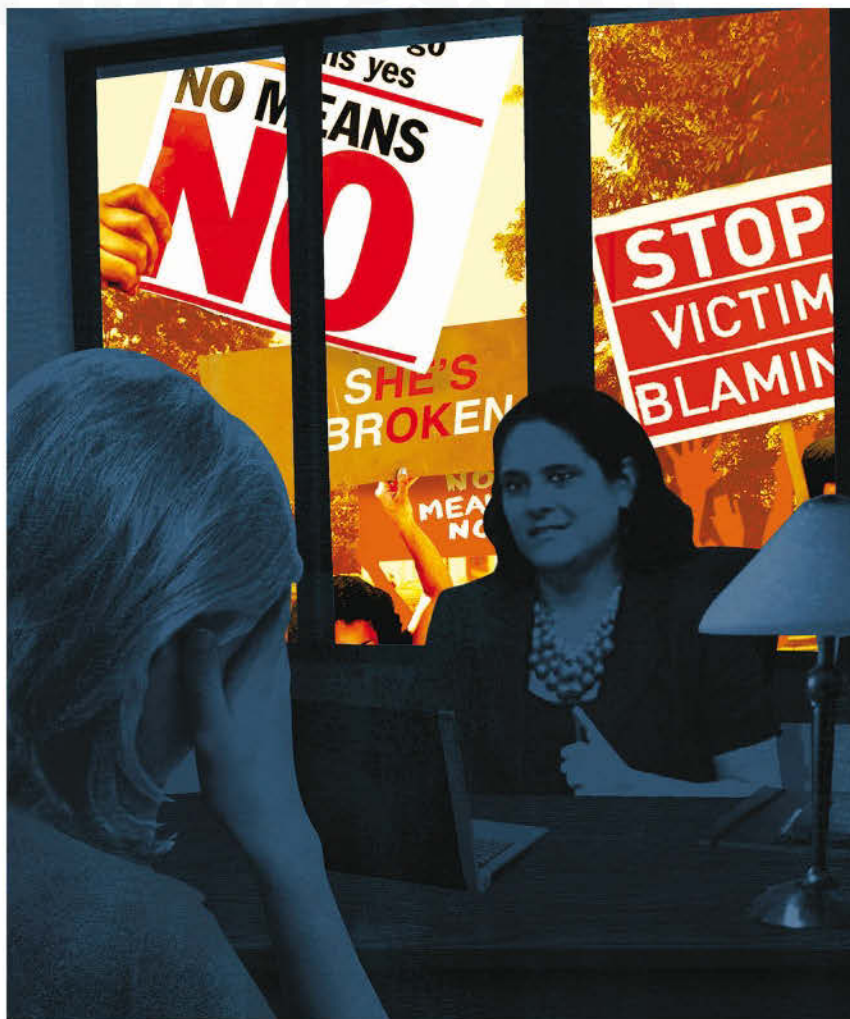
Frats are often the sole option for an underage drinker looking to party, since bars are off-limits, so-rorities are dry and first-year students don't get many invites to apartment soirees. Instead, the kids crowd the walkways of the big, anonymous frat houses, vying for entry. "Hot girls who are drunk always get in – it's a good idea to act drunker than you really are," says third-year Alexandria Pinkleton, expertly clad in the UVA-after-dark uniform of a midriff-baring sleeveless top and shorts. "Also? You have to seem very innocent and vulnerable. That's why they love first-year girls."

Once successfully inside the frat house, women play the role of grateful guests in unfamiliar territory where men control the variables. In dark, loud basements, girls accept drinks, are pulled onto dance floors to be ground and groped and, later, often having lost sight of their friends, led into bathrooms or up the stairs for privacy. Most of that hooking up is consensual. But against that backdrop, as psychologist David Lisak discovered, lurk undetected predators. Lisak's 2002 groundbreaking study of more than 1,800 college men found that roughly nine out of 10 rapes are committed by serial offenders,

AT THE END OF HER FRESHMAN year, Jackie found herself in the Peabody Hall office of Dean Nicole Eramo, head of UVA's Sexual Misconduct Board. This was a big step for Jackie. She still hadn't even managed to tell her own mother exactly what had happened at Phi Kappa Psi. Upon returning to school for her second semester, Jackie had tried to put on a brave face and simply move forward, but instead continued falling apart. Though a psychiatrist had put Jackie on Wellbutrin, she had remained depressed, couldn't concentrate, and spent the semester so frightened and withdrawn that her academic dean finally called her in to discuss why she'd failed three classes. In his office, with her mother beside her, she'd burst into tears, and her mother explained she'd had a "bad experience" at a party. He'd blanched and given Jackie the e-mail for Dean Eramo.

If Dean Eramo was surprised at Jackie's story of gang rape, it didn't show. A short woman with curly dark hair and a no-nonsense demeanor, Eramo surely has among the most difficult jobs at UVA. As the intake person on behalf of the university for all sexual-assault complaints since 2006, it's her job to deal with a parade of sobbing students trekking in and out of her office. (UVA declined to make Eramo available for comment.) A UVA alum herself, Eramo is beloved by survivors, who consider her a friend and confidante – even though, as only a few students are aware, her office isn't a confidential space at all. Each time a new complaint comes through Eramo's office, it activates a review by UVA's Title IX officer, is included in UVA's tally of federally mandated Clery Act crime statistics, and Eramo may, at her discretion, reveal details of her conversation with the student to other administrators. (Jackie was mortified to learn later that Eramo had shared her identity with another UVA administrator.) After all, a dean's foremost priority is the overall safety of the campus.

When Jackie finished talking, Eramo comforted her, then calmly laid out her options. If Jackie wished, she could file a criminal complaint with police. Or, if Jackie preferred to keep the matter within the university, she had two choices. She could file a complaint with the school's Sexual Misconduct Board, to be decided in a "formal resolution" with a jury of students and faculty, and a dean as judge. Or Jackie could choose an "informal resolution," in which Jackie could simply face her attackers in Eramo's presence and tell them how she felt; Eramo could then issue a directive to the men, such as suggesting counseling. Eramo presented each option to Jackie neutrally, giving each equal weight. She assured Jackie there was no pressure – whatever happened next was entirely her choice.



Where's the Justice?

Dean Eramo is the head of UVA's Sexual Misconduct Board and beloved by students, but in the history of the school, no one has ever been expelled for sexual assault.

Like many schools, UVA has taken to emphasizing that in matters of sexual assault, it caters to victim choice. "If students feel that we are forcing them into a criminal or disciplinary process that they don't want to be part of, frankly, we'd be concerned that we would get fewer reports," says associate VP for student affairs Susan Davis. Which in theory makes sense: Being forced into an unwanted choice is a sensitive point for the victims. But in practice, that utter lack of guidance can be counterproductive to a 19-year-old so traumatized as Jackie was that she was contemplating suicide. Setting aside for a moment the absurdity of a school offering to handle the investigation and adjudication of a felony sex crime – something Title IX requires, but which *no* university on Earth is equipped to do – the sheer menu of choices, paired with the reassurance that any choice is the right one, often has the end result of coddling the victim into doing nothing.

"This is an alarming trend that I'm seeing on campuses," says Laura Dunn of the advocacy group SurvJustice. "Schools are assigning people to victims who are pretending, or even thinking, they're on the victim's side, when they're actually discouraging and silencing them. Advocates who survivors *love* are part of the system that is failing to address sexual violence."

Absent much guidance, Jackie would eventually wonder how other student victims handled her situation. But when she clicked around on UVA's website, she found no answers. All she found were the UVA police's crime logs, which the university makes available online, but are mostly a list of bike theft, vandalism and public-drunkness complaints. That's because only a fraction of UVA students who report sex crimes turn to campus police. The rest go to Dean Eramo's office, to Charlottesville police or the county sheriff's office. Yet when RS asked UVA for its statistics, the press office repeatedly referred us to the UVA police crime logs. UVA parent Susan Russell believes that misdirection is deliberate. "When a parent goes to the campus crime log, and they don't see sexual assault, they think the school is safe," Russell says, adding that her daughter's 2004 sexual as-

PHOTOGRAPH OF NICOLE ERAMO IN ILLUSTRATION BY JENNA TRUONG/CALAVER DAILY

sault once appeared in the log mislabeled "Suspicious Circumstances."

Eventually, UVA furnished **ROLLING STONE** with some of its most recent tally: In the last academic year, 38 students went to Eramo about a sexual assault, up from about 20 students three years ago. However, of those 38, only nine resulted in "complaints"; the other 29 students evaporated. Of those nine complaints, four resulted in Sexual Misconduct Board hearings. UVA wasn't willing to disclose their outcomes, citing privacy. Like most colleges, sexual-assault proceedings at UVA unfold in total secrecy. Asked why UVA doesn't publish all its data, President Sullivan explains that it might not be in keeping with "best practices" and thus may inadvertently discourage reporting. Jackie got a different explanation when she'd eventually asked Dean Eramo the same question. She says Eramo answered wryly, "Because nobody wants to send their daughter to the rape school."

For now, however, Jackie left her first meeting with Eramo feeling better for having unburdened herself, and with the dean's assurance that nothing would be done without her say-so. Eramo e-mailed a follow-up note thanking Jackie for sharing, saying, "I could tell that was very difficult for you," and restating that while she respected Jackie's wish not to file a report, she'd be happy to assist "if you decide that you would like to hold these men accountable." In the meantime, having presumably judged there to be no threat to public safety, the UVA administration took no action to warn the campus that an allegation of gang rape had been made against an active fraternity.

All the first-year women are morally uptight.

They'll never do a single thing unless they know it's right.

But then they come to Rugby Road and soon they've seen the light.

And you never know how many men they'll bring home every night.

"RUGBY ROAD"

YOU CAN TRACE UVA'S CYCLE OF sexual violence and institutional indifference back at least 30 years – and incredibly, the trail leads back to Phi Psi. In October 1984, Liz Seccuro was a 17-year-old virgin when she went to a party at the frat and was handed a mixed drink. "They called it the house special," she remembers. Things became spotty after Seccuro had a few sips. But etched in pain was a clear memory of a stranger raping her on a bed. She woke up wrapped in a bloody sheet; by rifling through the boy's mail before fleeing, she discovered his name was Will Beebe. Incredibly, 21 years later, Beebe wrote Seccuro a letter, saying he wanted

to make amends as part of his 12-step program. Seccuro took the correspondence to Charlottesville police. And in the midst of the 2006 prosecution that followed, where Beebe would eventually plead guilty to aggravated sexual battery, investigators made a startling discovery: That while at Phi Psi that night, Seccuro had been assaulted not by one man, but by three. "I had been gang-raped," says Seccuro, who detailed her ordeal in a 2011 memoir.

That it took two decades for Seccuro to achieve some justice is even more disgraceful, since she reported her rape to the UVA administration after leaving the Phi Psi house on that 1984 morning. "I went to the dean covered in scabs and with broken ribs," she remembers. "And he said, 'Do you think it was just regrettable sex?'" Seccuro wanted to call police, but she was incorrectly told Charlottesville police lacked jurisdiction over fraternity houses.

If Seccuro's story of administrative cover-up and apathy sounds outrageous, it's actually in keeping with the stories told by other UVA survivors. After one alumna was abducted from a dark, wooded sec-

the counseling center wanted him to stay gone, Foubert says, the then-dean of students argued in favor of his return, saying, "We can pick our lawsuit from a potential sixth victim, or from him, for denying him access to an education."

The few stories leaking out of UVA's present-day justice system aren't much better. One student, whose Title IX complaint against UVA is currently under investigation by the Office of Civil Rights, said that in December 2011, another student raped her while she was blackout drunk, possibly drugged. As she wrote in a student publication, evidence emerged that the man had previously been accused of drugging others, but the information was rejected as "prejudicial." The Sexual Misconduct Board told the young woman it found her "compelling and believable," but found the man not guilty. "I had never felt so betrayed and let down in my life," wrote the woman. "They said that they believed me. They said that UVA was my home and that it loved me. Yet, how could they believe me and let him go completely unpunished?"

Jackie says when she asked why UVA's rape stats were hard to find, the dean said, "Because nobody wants to send their daughter to the rape school."

tion of campus and raped in 1993, she says she asked a UVA administrator for better lighting. "They told me it would ruin Jefferson's vision of what the university was supposed to look like," the alum says. "As if Thomas Jefferson even knew about electric lights!" In 2002 and 2004, two female students, including Susan Russell's daughter, were unhappy with their sexual-misconduct hearings, which each felt didn't hold their alleged perpetrators accountable – and each was admonished by UVA administrators to never speak publicly about the proceedings or else they could face expulsion for violating the honor code. For issuing that directive, in 2008 UVA was found in violation of the Clery Act.

"UVA is more egregious than most," says John Foubert, a UVA dean from 1998 to 2002, and founder of the national male sex-assault peer education group One in Four. "I've worked for five or six colleges, and the stuff I saw happen during my time there definitely stands out." For example, Foubert recalls, in one rare case in which the university applied a harsh penalty, an undergrad was suspended after stalking five students. Heated discussion ensued over whether the boy should be allowed back after his suspension. Though

ROLLING STONE has discovered that this past spring a UVA first-year student, whom we'll call Stacy, filed a report stating that while vomiting up too much whiskey into a male friend's toilet one night, he groped her, plunged his hands down her sweatpants and then, after carrying her semi-conscious to his bed, digitally penetrated her. When the Charlottesville DA's office declined to file charges, she says, Stacy asked for a hearing with the Sexual Misconduct Board, and was surprised when UVA authority figures tried to talk her out of it. "My counselors, members of the Dean of Students office, everyone said the trial process would be way too hard on me," says Stacy. "They were like, 'You need to focus on your healing.'" Stacy insisted upon moving forward anyway, even when the wealthy family of the accused kicked up a fuss. "They threatened to sue deans individually, they threatened to sue me," she recalls. But Stacy remained stalwart, because she had additional motivation: She'd been shaken to discover two other women with stories of assault by the same man. "One was *days* after mine, at a rush function at his frat house," says Stacy. "So I was like, 'I have to do something before someone else is hurt.'" Her determination

redoubled after the Dean of Students office informed her that multiple assaults by a student would be grounds for his expulsion – a mantra that Eramo repeated at a Take Back the Night event in April.

Bearing her deans' words in mind, at her nine-hour formal hearing in June, Stacy took pains to present not only her own case, but also the other two allegations, submitting witness statements that were allowed in as "pattern evidence." The board pronounced the man guilty for sexual misconduct against Stacy, making him only the 14th guilty person in UVA's history. Stacy was relieved at the verdict. "I was like, 'He's gone!' 'Cause he's a multiple assailant, I'd been told so many times that that was grounds for expulsion!" So she was stunned when she learned his actual penalty: a one-year suspension. (Citing privacy laws, UVA would not comment on this or any case.)

Turns out, when UVA personnel speak of expulsion for "multiple assaults," they mean multiple complaints that are filed with the Sexual Misconduct Board, and then adjudicated guilty. Under that more precise definition, the two other cases introduced in Stacy's case didn't count toward his penalty. Stacy feels offended by the outcome and misled by the deans. "After two rapes and an assault, to let him back on grounds is an insult to the honor system that UVA brags about," she says. "UVA doesn't want to expel. They were too afraid of getting negative publicity or the pants sued off them."

She's a helluva twat from Agnes Scott, she'll fuck for 50 cents.

She'll lay her ass upon the grass, her panties on the fence.

You supply the liquor, and she'll supply the lay.

And if you can't get it up, you sunuva bitch, you're not from UVA.

"RUGBY ROAD"

WHEN DID IT HAPPEN TO you?" Emily Renda asked Jackie as they sat for coffee at the outdoor Downtown Mall in the fall of 2013.

"September 28th," Jackie whispered.

"October 7th, 2010," Emily responded, not breaking her gaze, and Jackie knew she'd found a friend. As Jackie had begun her second year at UVA, she'd continued struggling. Dean Eramo had connected her with Emily, a fourth-year who'd become active in One Less, a student-run sexual-assault education organization that doubles as a support group. Sitting with Emily, Jackie poured out her story, wiping her eyes with napkins as she confided to Emily that she felt like a broken

person. "You're not broken," Emily told her. "They're the ones who are fucked up, and what happened to you wasn't your fault." Jackie was flooded with gratitude, desperate to hear those words at last – and from someone who knew. Emily invited her to a meeting of One Less, thus introducing her to UVA's true secret society.

In its weekly meetings, the 45-member group would discuss how to foster dialogue on campus. Afterward they'd splinter off and share stories of sexual assault, each tale different and yet very much the same. Many took place on tipsy nights with men who refused to stop; some were of sex while blackout drunk; rarer stories involved violence, though none so extreme as Jackie's. But no matter the circumstances, their peers' reactions were largely the same: Assaults were brushed off, with attackers defended ("He'd never do anything like that"), the victim questioned ("Are you sure?"). After feeling isolated for more than a year, Jackie was astonished at how much she and this sisterhood had in common, including the fact that a surprising number hadn't pursued any form of complaint. Although many had contacted Dean Eramo, whom they laud as their best advocate and den mother – Jackie repeatedly calls her "an asset to the community" – few ever filed reports with UVA or with police. Instead, basking in the safety of one another's company, the members of One Less applauded the brave few who chose to take action, but mostly affirmed each other's choices not to report, in an echo of their university's approach. So profound was the students' faith in its administration that although they were appalled by Jackie's story, no one voiced questions about UVA's strategy of doing nothing to warn the campus of gang-rape allegations against a fraternity that still held parties and was rushing a new pledge class.

Some of these women are disturbed by the contradiction. "It's easy to cover up a rape at a university if no one is reporting," admits Jackie's friend Alex Pinkleton. And privately, some of Jackie's confidantes were outraged. "The university ignores the problem to make itself look better," says recent grad Rachel Soltis, Jackie's former roommate. "They should have done something in Jackie's case. Me and several other people know exactly who did this to her. But they want to protect even the people who are doing these horrible things."

But no such doubts shadowed the meetings of One Less, which was fine by Jackie. One Less held seminars for student groups on bystander intervention and how to be supportive of survivors. Jackie dove into her new roles as peer adviser and Take Back the Night committee member and began to discover just how wide her secret UVA survivor network was – because the more she shared her story, the more girls sought her out, waylaying her after presen-

tations or after classes, even calling in the middle of the night with a crisis. Jackie has been approached by so many survivors that she wonders whether the one-in-five statistic may not apply in Charlottesville. "I feel like it's one in three at UVA," she says.

But payback for being so public on a campus accustomed to silence was swift. This past spring, in separate incidents, both Emily Renda and Jackie were harassed outside bars on the Corner by men who recognized them from presentations and called them "cunt" and "feminazi bitch." One flung a bottle at Jackie that broke on the side of her face, leaving a blood-red bruise around her eye.

She e-mailed Eramo so they could discuss the attack – and discuss another matter, too, which was troubling Jackie a great deal. Through her ever-expanding network, Jackie had come across something deeply disturbing: two other young women who, she says, confided that they, too, had recently been Phi Kappa Psi gang-rape victims.

ABRUISE STILL MOTTLING HER face, Jackie sat in Eramo's office in May 2014 and told her about the two others. One, she says, is a 2013 graduate, who'd told Jackie that she'd been gang-raped as a freshman at the Phi Psi house. The other was a first-year whose worried friends had called Jackie after the girl had come home wearing no pants. Jackie said the girl told her she'd been assaulted by four men in a Phi Psi bathroom while a fifth watched. (Neither woman was willing to talk to RS.)

As Jackie wrapped up her story, she was disappointed by Eramo's nonreaction. She'd expected shock, disgust, horror. For months, Jackie had been assuaging her despair by throwing herself into peer education, but there was no denying her helplessness when she thought about Phi Psi, or about her own alleged assailants still walking the grounds. She'd recently been aghast to bump into Drew, who greeted her with friendly nonchalance. "For a whole year, I thought about how he had ruined my life, and how he is the worst human being ever," Jackie says. "And then I saw him and I couldn't say anything."

"You look different," Drew told Jackie while she stared back at him in fear, and he was right: Since arriving at UVA, Jackie had gained 25 pounds from antidepressants and lack of exercise. That interaction would render her too depressed to leave her room for days. Of all her assailants, Drew was the one she wanted to see held accountable – but with Drew about to graduate, he was going to get away with it. Because, as she miserably reminded Eramo in her office, she didn't feel ready to file a complaint. Eramo, as always, understood.

Given the swirl of gang-rape allegations Eramo had now heard against one of UVA's

oldest and most powerful fraternities – founded in 1853, its distinguished chapter members have included President Woodrow Wilson – the school may have wondered about its responsibilities to the rest of the campus. Experts apprised of the situation by RS agreed that despite the absence of an official report, Jackie's passing along two other allegations should compel the school to take action out of regard for campus safety. "The fact that they already had that first victim, they should have been taking action," says SurvJustice's Laura Dunn. "That school could really be sued."

If the UVA administration was roiled by such concerns, however, it wasn't apparent this past September, as it hosted a trustees meeting. Two full hours had been set aside to discuss campus sexual assault, an amount of time that, as many around the conference table pointed out, underscored the depth of UVA's commitment. Those two hours, however, were devoted entirely to upbeat explanations of UVA's new prevention and response strategies, and to self-congratulations to UVA for being a "model" among schools in this arena. Only

into Jackie's story, UVA at last placed Phi Kappa Psi under investigation. Or rather, as President Sullivan carefully answered my question about allegations of gang rape at Phi Psi, "We do have a fraternity under investigation." Phi Kappa Psi national executive director Shawn Collinsworth says that UVA indeed notified him of sexual assault allegations; he immediately dispatched a representative to meet with the chapter. UVA chapter president Stephen Scipione recalls being only told of a vague, anonymous "fourth-hand" allegation of a sexual assault during a party. "We were not told that it was rape, but rather that something of a sexual nature took place," he wrote to RS in an e-mail. Either way, Collinsworth says, given the paucity of information, "we have no evidence to substantiate the alleged assaults."

"Under investigation," President Sullivan insists when I ask her to elaborate on how the university is handling the case. "I don't know how else to spell that out for you." But Jackie may have gotten a glimpse into the extent of the investigation when, in the days following my visit to campus,

all seems very hopeful. But this week, the third week of September, has been a difficult one. Charlottesville police received their first sexual-assault report of the academic year; Jackie and Alex were also each approached by someone seeking help about an assault. And as this weekend progresses, things will get far worse at UVA: Two more sexual assaults will be reported to police, and, in every parent's worst fears come true, an 18-year-old student on her way to a party will vanish; her body will be discovered five weeks later.

Suspect Jesse Matthew Jr., a 32-year-old UVA hospital worker, will be charged with Hannah Graham's "abduction with intent to defile," and a chilling portrait will emerge of an alleged predator who got his start, a decade ago, as a campus rapist. Back in 2002, and again in 2003, Matthew was accused of sexual assault at two different Virginia colleges where he was enrolled, but was never prosecuted. In 2005, according to the new police indictment, Matthew sexually assaulted a 26-year-old and tried to kill her. DNA has also reportedly linked Matthew to the 2009 death of Virginia Tech student Morgan Harrington, who disappeared after a Metallica concert in Charlottesville. The grisly dossier of which Matthew has been accused underscores the premise that campus rape should be seen not through the schema of a dubious party foul, but as a violent crime – and that victims should be encouraged to come forward as an act of civic good that could potentially spare future victims.

Jackie is hoping she will get there someday. She badly wants to muster the courage to file criminal charges or even a civil case. But she's paralyzed. "It's like I'm in my own personal prison," she says. "I'm so terrified this is going to be the rest of my life." She still cries a lot, and she has been more frightened than usual to be alone or to walk in the dark. When Jackie talks about her assault, she fixates on the moment before Drew picked her up for their date: "I remember looking at the mirror and putting on mascara and being like, 'I feel really pretty,'" Jackie recalls. "I didn't know it would be the last time I wouldn't see an empty shell of a person."

Jackie tells me of a recurring nightmare she's been having, in which she's watching herself climb those Phi Kappa Psi stairs. She frantically calls to herself to stop, but knows it's too late: That in real life, she's already gone up those stairs and into that terrible room, and things will never be the same. It bothers Jackie to know that Drew and the rest get to walk away as if nothing happened, but that she still walks toward that room every night – and blames herself for it during the day.

"Everything bad in my life now is built around that one bad decision that I made," she says. "All because I went to that stupid party."

Jackie came across something disturbing: Two other young women confided that they, too, had been victims of Phi Kappa Psi gang rapes.

once did the room darken with concern, when a trustee in UVA colors – blue sport coat, orange bow tie – interrupted to ask, "Are we under any federal investigation with regard to sexual assault?"

Dean of students Allen Groves, in a blue suit and orange necktie of his own, swooped in with a smooth answer. He affirmed that while like many of its peers UVA was under investigation, it was merely a "standard compliance review." He mentioned that a student's complaint from the 2010-11 academic year had been folded into that "routine compliance review." Having downplayed the significance of a Title IX compliance review – which is neither routine nor standard – he then elaborated upon the lengths to which UVA has cooperated with the Office of Civil Rights' investigation, his tone and manner so reassuring that the room relaxed.

Told of the meeting, Office of Civil Rights' Catherine Lhamon calls Groves' mischaracterization "deliberate and irresponsible." "Nothing annoys me more than a school not taking seriously their review from the federal government about their civil rights obligations," she says.

Within days of the board meeting, having learned of ROLLING STONE's probe

she was called into Eramo's office, bringing along her friend Alex for moral support. According to both women, Eramo revealed that she'd learned "through the grapevine" that "all the boys involved have graduated." Both girls were mystified. Not only had Jackie just seen one of the boys riding his bike on grounds but, as Alex pointed out, "Doesn't that mean they're admitting something happened?" No warning has yet been issued to the campus.

WITH A POCKETKNIFE AND pepper spray tucked into her handbag, and a rape whistle hanging from her key chain, Jackie is prepared for a Friday night at UVA. In a restaurant on the Corner, Jackie sips water through a straw as the first of the night's "Who!"s reverberate from the sidewalk outside. "It makes me really depressed, almost," says Jackie with a sad chuckle. "There's always gonna be another Friday night, and another fraternity party, and another girl."

Across the table, Alex sighs. "I know," she says. Bartenders and bouncers all along the Corner are wearing T-shirts advertising the new "Hoos Got Your Back" bystander-intervention campaign, which

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The Once and Future Boy Band



One Direction extend their winning streak, with echoes of the 1970s and 1980s



One Direction

Four Syco/Columbia

★★★

BY JON DOLAN

One Direction have now been the biggest pop band in the world for three full years. Such longevity doesn't exactly make them the Allman Brothers – but it's pretty impressive for a bunch of singing-contest runners-up joined together in Simon Cowell's laboratory. If any of these guys harbor secret dreams of going solo or becoming an actor or a fashion exec, they've stayed secret. They don't appear to be jerks. (Justin Bieber's PR team would chop off his two middle fingers for that kind of consistency.)

It's unclear whether the title *Four* is an actual Led Zeppelin reference, but the album is saturated with retro vibes. These songs split the difference between big, splashy Eighties pop rock and more elegant Seventies flavors – a very millennial move that's not so far from what Haim's hit *Days Are Gone* did last year. "Where Do Broken Hearts Go" is a *Slippery When Wet* blast of synth-metal fluff with a scream-along chorus designed to detonate chaperone eardrums. "Spaces" suggests the Eagles if they'd ever made a record with Ryan Tedder. And the bubbly "Girl Almighty" takes a rolling rhythm reminiscent of Juice Newton's "Queen of Hearts" into some prim guitar flicks copy-pasted right out of Fleetwood Mac's "I Don't

Want to Know.” This isn’t the first time 1D have tried on some old-school moves – check the Clash guitar that opened 2012’s “Live While We’re Young” or the glorious “Baba O’Riley” synth slams of last year’s “Best Song Ever,” their best song ever – but *Four* hits like a Nerf *Hammer of the Gods*.

As always, the vocal duties are divvied up in ways that highlight the singers’ similarities, placing weapons-grade hottie Harry Styles and take-him-or-leave-him Irishman Niall Horan in the same democratic swirl of desire. And the audience is right there with them: One Direction have mastered the ancient boy-band art of whispering directly into listeners’ ears. On “Ready to Run,” rippling acoustic guitars set a searching tone while each member calls out for the sweet salvation only you can provide – yes, you, right there, in section G, row 45, seat 11. Then they all come together and gallop toward a glistening Valhalla of a chorus.

There are moments on *Four* where the Big D and their co-writers let a little droll irony creep into the mix. The album’s brightest song is a slick, body-moving R&B ditty called “Stockholm Syndrome,” with lyrics co-written by Styles about being under his girl’s thumb that could also be read as a meek cry for help from deep within the prison of celebrity (even if it totally isn’t). But the band mainly shows growth through the music. *Four*’s tune for the ages is “Fireproof,” a subtle, pleading soft-rock lullaby any boy band, man band or unicorn band would be proud to call its own. Riding a spare bass line à la the Mac’s “Gypsy,” the guys take turns big-upping your lifesaving power over not much more than some Christine McVie-style keyboards, California guitar gold and their own billowing background vocals. How great would an entire album of such smooth, polished simplicity be? Maybe on *Eight*. Till then, fellas, stay frosty.

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RollingStone.com/albums.



Mannish boy:
Lead guitarist
Angus Young

AC/DC Rock On, Come Hell or High Water

Aussie stars, despite personal setbacks, stick to their tried-and-true formula: Big riffs, seedy lyrics

AC/DC *Rock or Bust* Columbia ★★★★★



AC/DC ringmaster Brian Johnson may be approaching 70, but that won’t stop him from yowling like a young lech: “Mistress, mistress, all night long/Keep on comin’ hot and strong,” he shouts on “Rock the House,” a bluesy cut from the Aussie power-chord monsters’ latest LP. This is a band that has never so much as detoured from its highway to hell over the past four decades. In 1980, AC/DC built their biggest album ever, *Back in Black*, with Johnson stepping in after the death of founding frontman Bon Scott. Now they’ve pummeled out another disc that fits right into their discography, even without rhythm guitarist Malcolm Young, who has bowed out due to a debilitating illness. (Drummer Phil Rudd, who’s facing his own drama lately – see page 13 – is as steady as ever.)

AC/DC remain hard rock’s masters of déjà vu. With Young’s nephew Stevie Young filling in for him, the arena-rock vets whip out plenty of electrifying fist-pumpers like “Play Ball” and the locomotive-powered “Rock the Blues Away,” while testing their libidos on the seedy stripper ode “Sweet Candy” and stretching their car metaphors accordingly on “Emission Control” – all in four minutes or less. AC/DC may have no interest in ever improving on their core sound, but that also means they’ll never run the risk of ruining it.

KEY TRACKS:
“Play Ball,”
“Rock the House”

KORY GROW



Wilco

Alpha Mike Foxtrot Nonesuch

★★★★½

A generous gift for fans: Four discs of outtakes and rare treats

Over the past 20 years, Wilco have gone from plain-spoken alt-country to the pinnacle of experimental folk and art rock. Hear how that happened on this four-disc rarities set, which is often so raw it feels less like opening the vault than rooting around under Jeff Tweedy’s bed. Hyper-low-fi demos of songs like 1995’s “Passenger Side” show the first signs of the wry lyricism that blossomed on later albums. Even better are a trove of unreleased cuts that peek at alternate realities – check “Unlikely Japan,” a mellow, trippy flip side to the 2007 live favorite “Impossible Germany.” Taken together, it’s a comprehensive document of a great band with endless secrets to reveal, even now. **CADY DRELL**



Mary J. Blige

The London Sessions Capitol

★★★★½

Soul star has a midcareer breakthrough across the pond

Mary J. Blige’s 2011 album *My Life II* didn’t exactly recapture the mojo of her classic 1994 original. So, after a Christmas album and a soundtrack, the R&B royal headed to London to record this proper follow-up – a smart move, considering that Brits from Amy Winehouse to Adele to Sam Smith have made some of the best soul music of the past decade. The reboot works: Disclosure take Mary to the club with deep-house grooves on “Right Now” and “Follow,” while the gospel-blues testimony “Therapy” (one of four songs co-written by Smith) takes her to church. And on tracks like the Emeli Sandé collaboration “Whole Damn Year” – a classic MJB ballad – Blige brings a little bit of Yonkers to the U.K. **CHUCK ARNOLD**



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The Sentry Chrono Leather



NIXON

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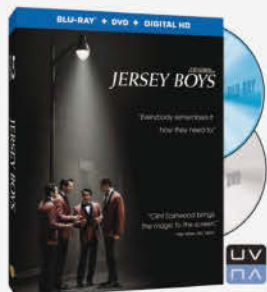
Getting dressed for cold days just got a lot easier...and better looking. Gap's Plaid Sherpa Jacket is inspired by the traditional lumberjack plaid, but uses charcoal gray to elevate its classic style to modern icon status. And, a cozy sherpa lining means it can work as outerwear or in place of a sweater.

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Jersey Boys

Directed by Clint Eastwood, *Jersey Boys* is an inspiring drama featuring The Four Seasons' songs that influenced a generation.



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REISSUES



Brownstein, Janet
Weiss and Corin Tucker
(from left) in 2002

Sleater-Kinney's Fierce Roar: A Look Back

Sleater-Kinney *Start Together* Sub Pop ★★★★★½



Everything you need to know about Sleater-Kinney is in the three minutes of "I Wanna Be Your Joey Ramone" – their 1996 anthem about a shy girl pushing her way to the front of the rock show and suddenly beholding herself on-stage, the goddess in the spotlight. It's as funny

as any of Carrie Brownstein's *Portlandia* sketches, but there's a snarl in it, too. *Start Together* collects Sleater-Kinney's amazing run from 1995 to 2005. They never made a dull album, or a quiet one. But *Start Together* shows off their emotional range, from the teen anxiety of "Anonymous" to the adult pain of "Modern Girl," from the rage of "Call the Doctor" to the urgent lust of "Get Up." Bring on the reunion album. **ROB SHEFFIELD**

Zep's IV, and Much More

Led Zeppelin *Led Zeppelin IV (Deluxe Edition)*

Swan Song/Atlantic ★★★★★



Led Zeppelin's fourth record remains their masterpiece because it showcases everything the band did best – acoustic flourishes, heavy blues, insightful poetry, tawdry catcalls – in equal measure. This reissue spotlights the album's depth, with illuminative remastering by

Jimmy Page, and, on the deluxe edition, alternate mixes of each track. Most notable are a darker-sounding "Stairway to Heaven" and a hypnotic instrumental "The Battle of Evermore." This time, all that glitters surely is gold. **KORY GROW**

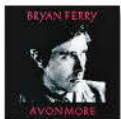
A Classic LP Lingers On

The Velvet Underground *The Velvet*

Underground (Super Deluxe Edition) Polydor ★★★★★



Recorded after John Cale's departure, the Velvet Underground's pivotal third album was the apotheosis of Lou Reed as singer-poet. "Candy Says" and "Pale Blue Eyes" may be his most heart-wrenching songs; "Jesus" and "After Hours" his tenderest. Alongside alternate LP mixes on this six-disc set are early versions of "Andy's Chest" and "Rock & Roll," fascinating outtakes and some of the most exciting live VU recordings ever. Essential. **WILL HERMES**



Bryan Ferry

Avonmore BMG

★★★

Roxy Music crooner returns to rock & roll form on a lush, seductive album

Following a 2012 release with the bafflingly Ferry-less Bryan Ferry Orchestra, the duke of avant-fop returns with this lavish set. Opener "Loop De Li" alone credits six guitarists, including Nile Rodgers, Johnny Marr and Neil Hubbard, the latter a vet of Roxy Music's *Avalon*, a set this LP recalls in more than just name. Highlight: "Johnny & Mary," a collaboration with Norwegian EDM romantic Todd Terje – a savvy gesture from a dude who somehow never gets old. **WILL HERMES**



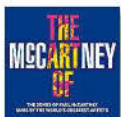
Azealia Banks

Broke With Expensive Taste Prospect Park

★★★½

Three years after breaking out with '12,' Banks makes a bold EDM-rap statement

After a two-year standoff with Interscope, Azealia Banks triumphs with her self-released debut. She nods to club kids of all ages by infusing elements of jazz, deep house and U.K. garage into tracks like "Desperado" and "Chasing Time." Her most impressive fusion, "Gimme a Chance," starts with the bubblegum of Tom Tom Club and turns into a bilingual hip-hop joint brimming with Afro-Caribbean tumbao rhythms. This just might be the year's boldest release. **SUZY EXPOSITO**



Various Artists

The Art of McCartney Arctic Poppy

★★★½

Bob Dylan, Brian Wilson and more make an all-star tribute set that's full of surprises

It makes sense that Paul McCartney would inspire one of the most impressive tribute-album lineups ever assembled. This 42-song blowout has everything from Willie Nelson doing a raggedly loving "Yesterday" to Billy Joel crushing "Maybe I'm Amazed." There are plenty of surprises, too. Did you know you wanted to hear Kiss thunder through Wings' glam spectacle "Venus and Mars/Rockshow"? Turns out you did. **JON DOLAN**

Bette's Girl-Group Party

Midler interprets great female vocalists from the Shirelles to TLC

Bette Midler *It's the Girls!*

Warner Bros. ★★★½



The reason to make an album of girl-group covers, as Bette Midler has here, is also the biggest challenge: Everyone loves "Be My Baby," so you'd better nail it. The good news is that Midler has a voice that's rich enough to reanimate any pop standard – see her showstopping version of the Shirelles' "Baby It's You," which she reinvents as a gospel-flavored ballad. She cannily includes some new choices, too, like a low, silky take on TLC's "Waterfalls" – a Nineties hit that she makes utterly her own – alongside the work of the Sixties queens. "He's Sure the Boy I Love" is a duet with one of those royals, Darlene Love, and the album's spirit of femme camaraderie comes through in their powerhouse harmonies and jokey just-us-girls delivery. Some of Midler's farther reaches, like a country & western version of the Supremes' "You Can't Hurry Love," can make you wish she applied

KEY TRACKS:
"Baby It's You,"
"Be My Baby"



Simply divine: Midler

her prodigious showgirl talents to the originals a bit more straightforwardly. (Some songs will never belong at the Opry.) But at this point in her four-decade career, you have to respect Midler's dedication to experimenting – and most of her gambles pay off, especially when she gives an extra jolt to forgotten classics like the Shangri-Las' "Give Him a Great Big Kiss." And how can anyone stay mad at a tribute to femininity filled with ad-libs like "Come on, girls, let's go grab the Early Bird"? **AMY ROSE SPIEGEL**

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She and Him

Classics Columbia

★★★

Adorkable folk-pop duo cut a charming standards set

Zoëy Deschanel and M. Ward's She and Him have always been fundamentally rooted in musical nostalgia for sunny Sixties pop. For their fifth album – a covers record composed largely of pre-rock standards popularized by singers like Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald – the duo shift focus to the Forties and Fifties. The surprisingly loungey results are unusually daring for these two: Deschanel and Ward pare back the melodrama of "Unchained Melody" and Johnny Mathis' "It's Not for Me to Say," incorporating midcentury jazz and soul crooning into their endearing retro-kitsch. The combination is charming.

JONATHAN BERNSTEIN

STAGE

Sting's Musical Homecoming

The singer wrestles with his Northern England past onstage

Sting *The Last Ship*

At the close of the first act of *The Last Ship* – the Broadway musical conceived by Sting – a group of workers charge the fence that locks them out of the shut-down shipyard where they worked all their lives. It feels as if they are bolting straight into the audience: We feel their rage and frustration as palpably as a boot in the chest.

While not literally autobiographical, *The Last Ship* finds its emotional core in the sense of entrapment Sting felt as a young man growing up in the shipbuilding community of Wallsend, in Northern England. It's a tribute to Sting's songwriting that it does not at all seem like a play constructed around a string of pop tunes: The songs Sting composed for *The Last Ship* (particularly "Dead Man's Boots" and "The Night the Pugilist Learned How to Dance") weave inextricably into the lives of the play's characters. Even the three songs Sting recast from his solo work ("When We Dance," "Island of Souls" and "All This Time")



The cast of *The Last Ship*



settle beautifully into the musical and take on new life there.

His childhood, his troubled relationship with his father and the confining environment of Wallsend have been recurrent themes in Sting's work. He revisits them here, again, to telling effect. Well beyond his own life, Sting views such themes as universal – everyone's desire to venture into the world to discover who they might become. *The Last Ship* ultimately rises to that mythic stature.

ANTHONY DECURTIS



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The Girl's Still Got Game

Jennifer Lawrence brings the heat to the next-to-last chapter in a smash franchise

By Peter Travers

The Hunger Games: Mockingjay, Part 1

Jennifer Lawrence

Directed by Francis Lawrence

★★★

GO AHEAD AND CALL FOUL. The greedy suits have made two movies out of the last book in the bestselling Suzanne Collins *Hunger Games* trilogy because, well, they can divide and conquer by suckering us to pay twice for the same thing. Hell, *Harry Potter* did it. *Twilight* did it. And Hollywood will keep on doing it until the golden goose gets vain about its stretch marks and stops laying golden eggs.

On the bright side, *The Hunger Games: Mockingjay, Part 1* comes out blazing. How could it not? Oscar winner Jennifer Lawrence, suited up again as the heroic Katniss Everdeen, is a firebrand for the ages. Returning director Francis Lawrence (no relation), working from a script by series newbies Peter Craig and Danny Strong, delivers the dazzle without sacrificing the smarts. The suspense is killer. Ditto the thrill of the hunt. The film uses the extra time to, of all things, develop characters and give this dystopian fable a human scale.

Nonreaders of the young-adult Collins trilogy will be shocked to learn that there are no *Hunger Games* in this *Hunger Games*. The organized, televised Olympic-like events, in which young hotties annually fight to the death to delight the debauched audiences in the big, bad Capitol of Panem, are no more. President Snow (Donald Sutherland, with a sneer that won't quit) must find another

Lawrence arms for action with her Katniss bow and exploding arrows (top). Below: Philip Seymour Hoffman and Julianne Moore scheme to use Katniss as a youthful symbol of revolution.



way to quash the 12 districts that rebelled against him.

Katniss is badly shaken. Her home in District 12 has been obliterated. Her mother (Paula Malcomson) and sister (Willow Shields) are missing. Cinna (Lenny Kravitz), her stylist, made the kill list. Her BFF, Peeta (the ever-cheeky Josh Hutcherson), a love rival to homeboy Gale (Liam Hemsworth), has been kidnapped and maybe executed.

And that's what you missed in *The Hunger Games: Catching Fire*. If you skipped or blanked on the first *Games* as well, prepare for a "wait, what?" reaction to match that moment in *Interstellar* when

Matthew McConaughey enters the space-time continuum.

Luckily, *Mockingjay, Part 1* powers through on the strength of a tale that's always had more on the ball than the shoddy *Games* rip-offs (that's you, *Divergent*). Katniss has been called to the underground District 13 to become the living embodiment of the Mockingjay, the bird that symbolizes revolt. Rebel leader Coin (Julianne Moore) doubts that Katniss has the *cojones*. But her wingman, Plutarch Heavensbee (Philip Seymour Hoffman), begs to differ. On the advice of the suddenly sober Haymitch (Woody Harrelson in full mischief mode), Katniss

is deemed a disaster reading scripted lines for propaganda videos, or "propos." Off she goes to real war zones with Cressida (a sly Natalie Dormer, from *Game of Thrones*), a videographer skilled at finding the inner Joan of Arc in Katniss.

Making Katniss a star isn't much of a sweat, not with Lawrence in the role. At 24, she already ranks with the top talents of her generation. Beetee (Jeffrey Wright) builds Katniss three arrows for her bow: regular, incendiary and explosive. Lawrence can match that and raise the ante. She makes us feel every jab as Katniss reacts to Peeta's alleged betrayal and her own fury at the Capitol's terrorist tactics. "If we burn, you burn with us!" she shouts.

OK, there's less action in *Games* this time, but what's there is prime. And the acting is aces. Cheers to Elizabeth Banks for adding humor and heart to Effie Trinket, the fashionista chaperone now bereft of the wigs, makeup and accessories that make life bearable.

The Hunger Games has always attracted A-team actors. Moore is superb at suggesting

the secrets buried in Coin as she plans a revolution beyond the reach of Katniss. And Hoffman, in a final performance to be completed in *Mockingjay, Part 2*, due next November, goes beyond the call of franchise duty to find the bruised soul in a master manipulator. "Anyone can be replaced," his character announces at one point. Not this consummate actor. Seeing him go out with such playful panache is one of the unalloyed joys of *Mockingjay, Part 1*.

The Babadook

Essie Davis

Directed by Jennifer Kent

★★★

IF YOU GET OFF ON WATCHING things go bump in the night – and who doesn't? – then *The Babadook* is the scariest for you. Here's the setup: Amelia (Essie Davis, outstanding) is a nurse and widow who lives quietly with her six-year-old son, Samuel (Noah Wiseman), an impressionable, fatherless kid given to acting out. Making Samuel worse is the mysterious arrival of *The Babadook*, a monochrome pop-up book (designed by Alex Jurasz) about a mysterious dude who knocks three times at your door and... well, I'll never tell. Let's just say that this nerve-frying psychological thriller from gifted first-time filmmaker Jennifer Kent will have you climbing the walls simply by plumbing the violence of the mind. Brace yourself.

Beyond the Lights

Gugu Mbatha-Raw

Directed by Gina Prince-Bythewood

★★★

IT SOUNDS LIKE CHICK-flick hell: A stage mother (Minnie Driver) pushes her Rihanna-like daughter (Gugu Mbatha-Raw) so hard that the kid almost dives off a hotel balcony before her first album drops. In *Bodyguard* style, a decent cop (Nate Parker) shows up to save her. To everyone's surprise, especially mine, the clichés yield a remarkably engrossing love story with the wit to know truth



Mbatha-Raw and Parker

from twaddle. Writer-director Gina Prince-Bythewood, who performed similar magic with *Love & Basketball*, knows her way around the business of show and showing off. The details ring deep and true. As a biracial Brit, after starting in a cheap music competition – her a cappella version of Nina

Simone's "Blackbird" is a heart-breaker – Noni (Mbatha-Raw) builds a career through "face-down, ass-up" packaging. Mom doesn't mind as long as she's the one doing the exploiting. It's Noni who balks at faking S&M sex onstage with her white-rapper lover (Colson "Machine Gun Kelly" Baker). She yearns to let out her natural voice.

Prince-Bythewood is stingingly astute at what fame does to objectify women. Low self-esteem leads to Noni's suicide attempt. It's Kaz (Parker), an L.A. cop with political ambitions, who talks her off the ledge. Their romance is far from storybook. Her mom wants him gone. So does his cop dad (Danny Glover). There

are times when Noni and Kaz don't see a future in each other.

There's enough plot here to sink a soap opera, but the actors prevail. Parker is a no-bull charmer. Driver leaves bite marks on her juicy role. And Mbatha-Raw, so good this year in *Belle*, is dynamite. The dark fires she reveals under Noni's cool exterior singe the screen. Even her R&B/hip-hop singing hits the mark in songs by the Dream. Mbatha-Raw has been nominated with the likes of Julianne Moore and Patricia Arquette for a Gotham Independent Film Award. She's a shining new star. *Beyond the Lights* brims with surprises that befit the title. It's electrifying.

Decoding a Spy Master

The Imitation Game

Benedict Cumberbatch, Keira Knightley

Directed by Morten Tyldum

★★★★½

IT'S AN UNDENIABLE PLEASURE TO DIG into a crackling spy thriller dished out by experts. *The Imitation Game* is an immersive true story that laces dizzying tension with raw emotion. Benedict Cumberbatch, an Emmy winner for *Sherlock Holmes*, turns on the brainpower again to play Alan Turing, a genius mathematician and social misfit who teamed up with a handful of cryptanalysts at London's Bletchley Park during World War II to crack the Nazis' naval code and help win the war. That he did, only to see his achievements buried in government secrecy and to end his own life in 1954 after being persecuted for the then-crime of homosexuality. The queen pardoned him posthumously last year. Talk about too little, too late.

And yet *The Imitation Game* doesn't dawdle over the spilled milk of social treachery. The roguish script by newcomer Graham Moore alleviates the feel of a musty period piece. And Norwegian filmmaker Morten Tyldum (*Headhunters*) directs with masterly assurance, fusing suspense and character to create a movie that vibrates with energy.

The film's prime force is Cumberbatch, a great actor whose talent shines here on its highest beams. It's an explosive, emotionally complex performance. An early scene in which

Turing, 27, interviews for a job at Bletchley with Commander Dennison (Charles Dance, doing smug to a turn) is wonderfully comic as Turing gains the upper hand. The commander retaliates by hiring chess champion Hugh Alexander (Matthew Goode) to head the unit, which includes John Cairncross (Allen Leech) and Peter Hilton (Matthew Beard). Turing later persuades Winston Churchill to put him in charge of his perceived inferiors. He's more amenable to Joan Clarke (Keira Knightley), the only woman in the unit. Knightley is ter-



CODE-BREAKERS
Cumberbatch flanked by (from left) Knightley, Beard, Goode and Leech

rific, giving a supporting role major dimensions. It's sharply poignant to watch these two delude themselves into considering marriage.

The action ignites when, after two years of effort, Turing invents his Enigma-busting machine, a proto-computer geared to break a code that the Nazis change every 24 hours. It's been a long time since intellectual sparring created such excitement onscreen. I've heard a few critics dismiss this mind-bender as hopelessly old-hat. Ha! If so, long live retro.

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OUR BACK PAGES

FROM THE ROLLING STONE VAULT

Fleetwood Mac

Mega-platinum albums, high school drama, irresponsible living, plus cross-dressing: a quick history of the Mac in RS



The True Life Confessions of Fleetwood Mac

RS 235 March 24, 1977

In 1977, Fleetwood Mac's breakout album, *Rumours*, was dominating the charts. But the band was in chaos – Christine and John McVie had split up, Mick Fleetwood was divorcing his wife, and Stevie Nicks and Lindsey Buckingham's relationship was on the rocks. For their first ROLLING STONE cover story, they took Cameron Crowe inside that isolation and heartache. "Try being with your secretary at work all day, in a raucous office, and then come home with her at night," Nicks said.



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Say You Love Me

◀ **RS 643** November 12, 1992

Fleetwood Mac and ROLLING STONE were both marking their 25th anniversaries in 1992. To celebrate, John McVie and Fleetwood posed for the magazine's portrait issue. Says photographer Mark Seliger, "I told Mick, 'I thought it would be really interesting to have you and John as a wedding portrait.' And Mick goes silent for a minute and then says, 'I like the idea. Just one favor: I want to be the bride.'"



Like a White Winged Dove

▲ **RS 351** September 3, 1981

Nicks was enjoying the platinum success of her 1981 solo debut, *Bella Donna*, which included her duet with Tom Petty, "Stop Draggin' My Heart Around." Stevie talked about slowing down – "You get to a certain age where you want to be quieter," she told RS – but knew she would be back with the Mac: "[With] Fleetwood Mac, you can never really have any other plans for your life."

Winning Big

▲ **RS 256** January 12, 1978

When the Mac swept the 1977 ROLLING STONE readers' poll, Fleetwood donned a cheerleader costume for a cover shoot, and the band talked about celebrating its differences. "There's no continuity in the five people," said Nicks (right, on tour). "Except the spirit."



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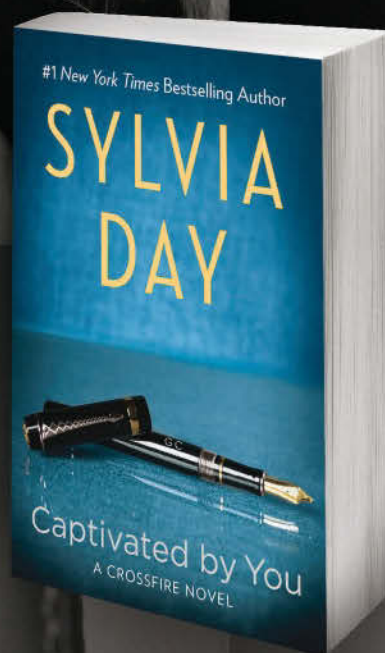


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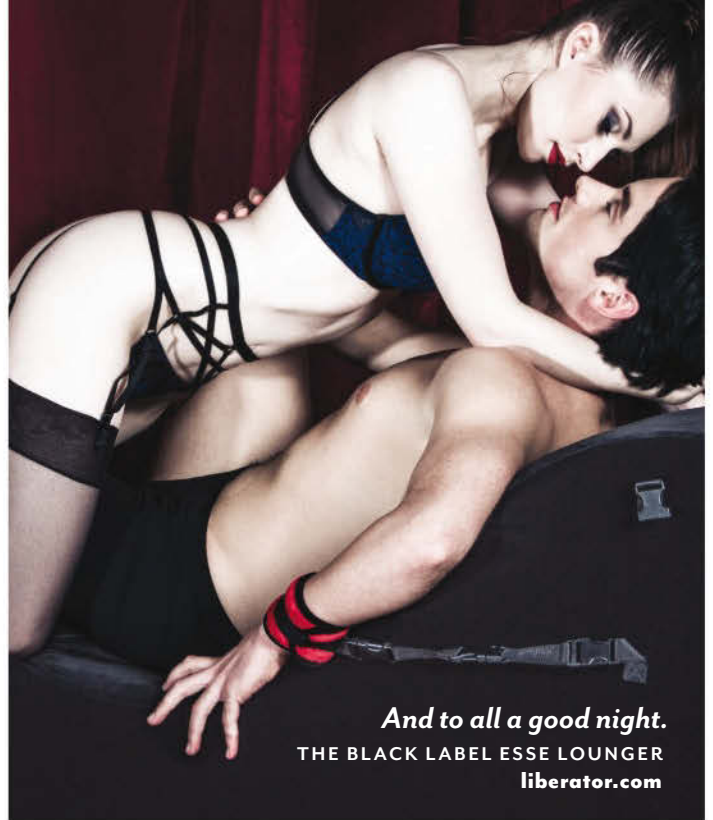
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iTUNES TOP 10 SONGS

- 1 **Meghan Trainor**
"All About That Bass" *Epic*
- 2 **Taylor Swift**
"Blank Space" *Big Machine*
- 3 **Taylor Swift**
"Shake It Off" *Big Machine*
- 4 **Hozier**
"Take Me to Church" *Columbia*
- 5 **Maroon 5**
"Animals" *222/Interscope*
- 6 **Selena Gomez**
"The Heart Wants What It Wants" *Hollywood*
- 7 **Carrie Underwood**
"Something in the Water" *19/Sony Nashville*
- 8 **Jessie J, Ariana Grande and Nicki Minaj**
"Bang Bang" *Republic*
- 9 **Sam Smith**
"I'm Not the Only One" *Capitol*
- 10 **Tove Lo**
"Habits" *Island*

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Our Love *Merge*
- 2 **King Tuff**
Black Moon Spell *Sub Pop*
- 3 **Foxygen**
...And Star Power *Jagjaguwar*
- 4 **Flying Lotus**
You're Dead! *Warp*
- 5 **Alt-J**
This Is All Yours *Canvasback/Atlantic*
- 6 **Ex Hex**
Rips *Merge*
- 7 **Zola Jesus**
Taiga *Mute*
- 8 **Ty Segall**
Manipulator *Drag City*
- 9 **Deerhoof**
La Isla Bonita *Polyvinyl*
- 10 **Broods**
Evergreen *Capitol*

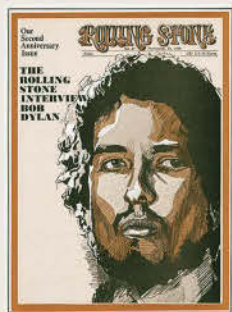
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From the Vault

RS 47, November 29th, 1969

TOP 10 SINGLES

- 1 **The Beatles**
"Come Together"/"Something" *Apple*
- 2 **Blood, Sweat and Tears**
"And When I Die" *Columbia*
- 3 **5th Dimension**
"Wedding Bell Blues" *Soul City*
- 4 **R.B. Greaves**
"Take a Letter Maria" *Atco*
- 5 **Steam**
"Na Na Hey Hey Kiss Him Goodbye" *Fontana*
- 6 **Flying Machine**
"Smile a Little Smile for Me" *Congress*
- 7 **Peter, Paul and Mary**
"Leaving on a Jet Plane" *Warner*
- 8 **Stevie Wonder**
"Yester-Me, Yester-You, Yesterday" *Tamla*
- 9 **Creedence Clearwater Revival**
"Down on the Corner"/"Fortunate Son" *Fantasy*
- 10 **Three Dog Night**
"Eli's Coming" *Dunhill/ABC*



On the Cover

"My songs were long, long songs. That's why I had to start dealing with a lot of methods for keeping myself awake, alert. Because I had to remember all the words to those songs. Now I have a whole bag of new songs for the road. Mine always sound better in person than on the record."

—Bob Dylan

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Top 40 Albums

- 1 **Taylor Swift**
1989 *Big Machine*
- 2 **Now 52**
Various Artists *Universal/Sony*
- 3 **Bette Midler**
It's the Girls! *Warner Bros.*
- 4 **Jason Aldean**
Old Boots, New Dirt *Broken Bow*
- 5 **Calvin Harris**
Motion *Columbia/Fly Eye*
- 6 **Florida Georgia Line**
Anything Goes *Republic Nashville*
- 7 **Barbra Streisand**
Partners *Columbia*
- 8 **Sam Smith**
In the Lonely Hour *Capitol*
- 9 **Brantley Gilbert**
Just as I Am *Valory*
- 10 **Sam Hunt**
Montevallo *MCA Nashville*
- 11 **Blake Shelton**
Bringing Back the Sunshine *Warner Bros. Nashville*
- 12 **Slipknot**
.5: The Gray Chapter *Roadrunner*
- 13 **Frozen**
Soundtrack *Walt Disney*
- 14 **Barry Manilow**
My Dream Duets *Stiletto/Verve*
- 15 **Miranda Lambert**
Platinum *RCA Nashville*
- 16 **Doobie Brothers**
Southbound *Arista Nashville*
- 17 **Hozier**
Hozier *Columbia*
- 18 **Tony Bennett and Lady Gaga**
Cheek to Cheek *Columbia/Interscope*
- 19 **Teyana Taylor**
VII G.O.O.D./Def Jam
- 20 **T.I.**
Paperwork *Grand Hustle/Columbia*
- 21 **Luke Bryan**
Crash My Party *Capitol Nashville*
- 22 **Neil Diamond**
Melody Road *Capitol*
- 23 **Pentatonix**
That's Christmas to Me *RCA*
- 24 **Maroon 5**
V *222/Interscope*
- 25 **Chris Tomlin**
Love Ran Red *Capitol*
- 26 **Frozen: The Songs**
Soundtrack *Walt Disney*
- 27 **Ed Sheeran**
x *Atlantic*
- 28 **Led Zeppelin**
Led Zeppelin IV *Atlantic*
- 29 **Idina Menzel**
Holiday Wishes *Warner Bros.*
- 30 **Azealia Banks**
Broke With Expensive Taste *Prospect Park*
- 31 **Wings**
Venus and Mars *Concord*
- 32 **Bob Seger**
Ride Out *Hideout/Capitol*
- 33 **Neil Young**
Storytone *Reprise/Warner Bros.*
- 34 **Little Big Town**
Pain Killer *Capitol Nashville*
- 35 **Kenny Chesney**
The Big Revival *Columbia Nashville*
- 36 **Ariana Grande**
My Everything *Republic*
- 37 **Guardians of the Galaxy: Awesome Mix Vol. 1**
Soundtrack *Marvel/Hollywood*
- 38 **Arctic Monkeys**
AM *Domino*
- 39 **Darius Rucker**
Home for the Holidays *Capitol Nashville*
- 40 **The Vamps**
Meet the Vamps *Island*



Platinum Blonde

By its second week at Number One, Swift's fifth studio LP sold 1.6 million copies, making it easily the biggest – and only platinum – album of the year.



Girl Power

Midler's first record of new material since 2006 pays homage to girl groups, with covers of the Supremes, the Chordettes and TLC. It sold 40,000 units in Week One.



In Motion

Scottish DJ and producer Harris scores his first Top 10 this week. The LP sold 35,000 copies, boosted by the dance hit "Outside," featuring Ellie Goulding.



Money in the Banks

It's been a long road for Banks, who released her first single, "212," back in 2012. Her debut LP finally dropped and sold 11,165 copies in its first week.

00 Chart position on November 12th, 2014
00 Chart position on November 5th, 2014
NEW New Entry
2ND Re-Entry
↑ Greatest Gainer
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